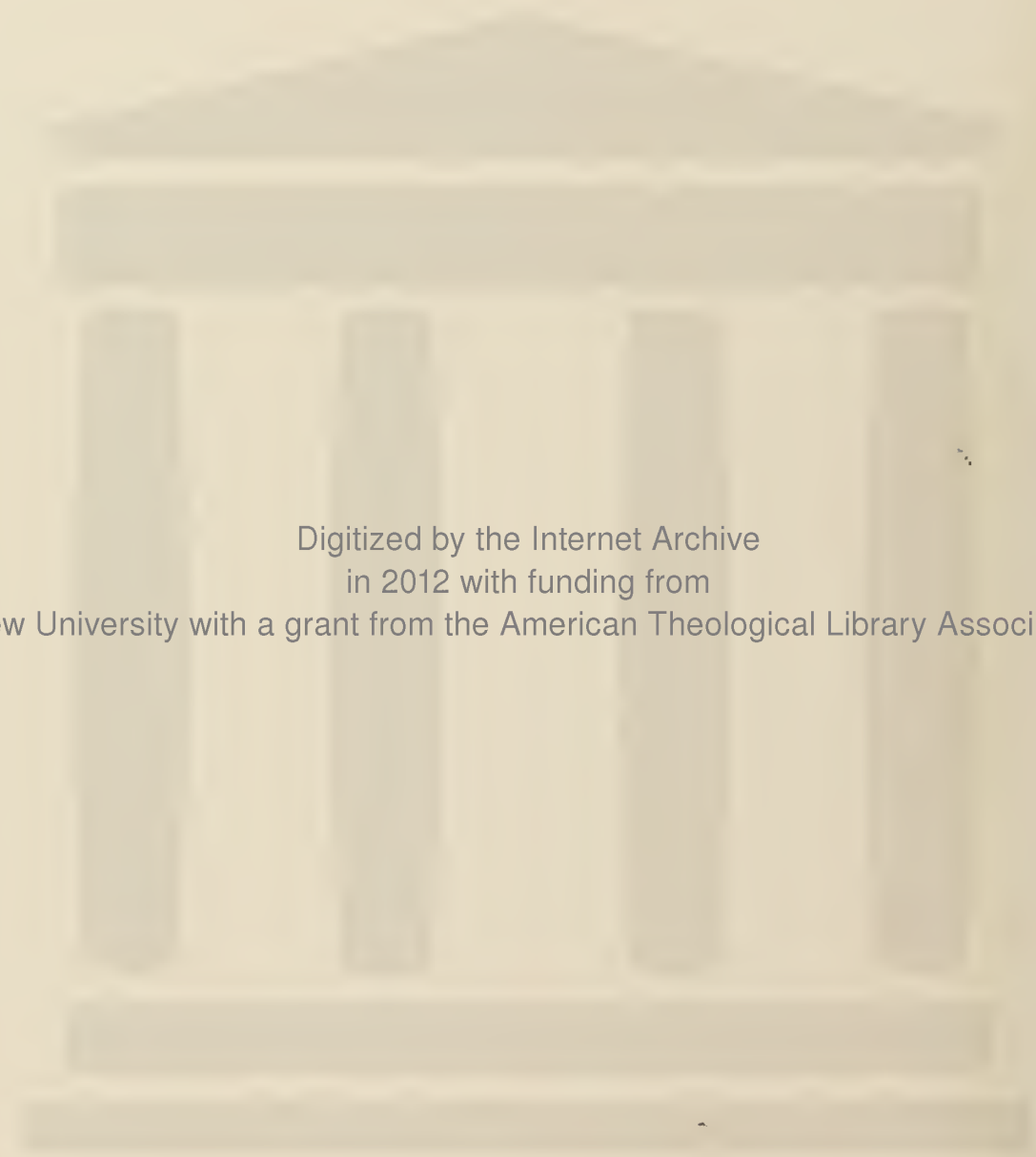

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Together®
FOR UNITED METHODIST FAMILIES

JUNE 1971

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Unemployment: Now It's Middle Class
Christian Perspectives on Death and Dying
Grand Forks Welcomes the Amigos

John Wesley Statue, Savannah, Ga. [See *Excursion to the Wesleys' America*, page 30]

The Prodigal Son, w
the pigs he feeds, ponders o th
and love he has rejec d
Robert Hodgell pa ra
as half foolish, l f

Th

Long, flowing lines suggest
the utter weariness of the P lg
as he reaches his father's ar
Artist Frank Wesley of Indi tt
here to depict the mixed elc ent
of repentance and forgivene

Prodigal Son

THE BRISTLY hair on the pig's hide, the hand-me-down herringbone coat on the derelict hired hand's back, the rough corncobs—how quickly we see *first* that this is a man in trouble, and then realize that he is the Prodigal Son from the biblical story.

Why is the Prodigal Son story almost universally known in Western culture, recalled and retold daily even by those outside the church? Because it gets across an essential truth about human nature—that *all of us are prodigals!* Every one of us, man or woman, coming to the foothills of maturity, says to his parents: "Give me my inheritance; I am off to make my own way."

Sometimes we declare our independence conspicuously—with tears, shouts, anger, or stony silence. But even the quiet ones who stay at home, as did the biblical elder son, inwardly rebel and reject. Loudly or quietly, with or without guilt, we turn away from family, reject parental wisdom, even discard our religious faith.

To be sure, this is sin. Yet wrapped up in this universal experience is the fact that unless a man dares in his growth to make his own way, he never becomes the person of integrity, humility, and wisdom that all who have nurtured him want him to be.

The parable puts life in a compact, unforgettable package: the loving care of our Father God, the son's claiming of his inheritance and going away, the descent into trouble and desolation, his recognition of the need to repent, the actual repentance, and finally the return home—to God, to parents, to the wisdom of beloved teachers—as a mature, forgiven man.

Leave anything out and man ends his life amidst the swine, the mud, and the corncobs, never moving beyond this necessary way station on the road to a meaningful life.

—WILLIAM C. HENZLIK

Tiny May San is safe now.

But only a short time ago, she was shivering with cold—hungry—crying. She had been abandoned, left during the night on the front porch of our Pine Hill Babies Home, in Hong Kong.

Why? We may never know. Hong Kong is full of desperate people—a mother too poor to feed her little daughter . . . a father too ill to work . . . orphaned children with no relatives at all . . .

We do know that little May San needed us. Our housemother gently picked her up and took her inside. May San had a bath and a warm bottle of milk. Dressed in a fresh nightgown she fell asleep in a clean comfortable crib. Yes, May San is safe for now.

Will you help keep her safe?

May San and thousands of others like her need American sponsors to help provide shelter and care. May San will stay at Pine Hill (a new babies' home, built and supported by American contributions) until she is six. Then she will move to a CCF cottage-plan Home where she will have "brothers" and "sisters" and a cottagemother. But all this depends on her American sponsor.

Will you help? For only $12 a month you can sponsor a child like May San. You can choose a boy or girl from the countries listed below, or you can allow us to select a child for you from our emergency list.

In about two weeks you will receive a photograph of your child, along with a personal history, and information about the project where your child receives help.

Your child will write to you, and you will receive the original plus an English translation—direct from an overseas office.

Today, while you have it in mind, will you fill out the sponsor application and send it along with your first month's $12.00 check? Thanks so much.

Countries of greatest need this month: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa) and Hong Kong.

Write today: Verent J. Mills

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I wish to sponsor ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country)_____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $12 a month

I enclose my first payment of $_____

Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____

☐ Please send me more information

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Address_____

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State_____ Zip_____

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A $50,000 statue of John Wesley, founder of world Methodism, stands in Reynolds Square, Savannah, Ga., 234 years after the young Englishman ended his rather frustroting mission to the Indians and eorly settlers of that colony. Wesley, possibly profiting from his experiences in the New World, later became recognized os one of the gionts in Christendom. Georgia Methodists raised the money for the bronze statue sculptured by Marshall Daugherty, Mercer University artist of Macon. This likeness will appear on a medallion design for the General Conference of The United Methodist Church which meets in Atlanta next spring. Shown viewing the statue in our cover picture are young people from Trinity United Methodist Church, Memphis, Tenn. [See color pictoriol page 30.]

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Together

FOR UNITED METHODIST FAMILIES

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Jobs...Lost in Space

A Family Readjusts

Text by Patricia Sanberg
Pictures by George P. Miller

Above: Helen Maltby teaches math five days a week at Satellite High School while husband Bob tends to household chores at home. Later in the day their roles are reversed when Bob (white shirt, below) attends college classes and Helen takes charge of home activities and corrects math papers.

A RECORD one million spectators jammed Florida's Brevard County last January 31, lured by a space-age adventurer named Apollo 14. The weekend of revelry in Cape Kennedy country temporarily obscured he specter of unemployment which has swept the nation nd shows little sign of abating. Thousands of Florida's erospace workers joined the ranks of the unemployed ast year. Among them: Robert F. Maltby, a technician at he space center, now, at age 40, a college student again, vorking toward a degree in education.

Bob Maltby was 2 1/2 years shy of being a 15-year 'Cape pioneer" when McDonnell-Douglas laid him off in une, 1970. "We could see it coming," both Bob and his vife, Helen, explain candidly. "When I was transferred rom the Delta project back to the Apollo program in anuary, 1970, things didn't look good," he continued. 'We had about two missiles in the VAB (Vehicle Assembly Building) getting them ready to go to the pad—and it vas at that time that I got the inkling things were going downhill rapidly.

"Helen had been substitute teaching and received a ull-time job offer at Satellite High School in February. She called me at work that night and I said no, I don't

Apollo 14's launch was a Maltby-family affair on a beach only a stone's throw from their home. While Bob put together a radio to follow reports of the countdown, Helen adjusted the telescope for a better view of the big "bird." Finally, rising from the launch site 22 miles away, the rocket broke through clouds and arched directly over the excited spectators.

think you should take a full-time job. The next night I called her from the VAB and urged her to take the job if it was still available."

"It was, and I did," adds Helen. "For a year now we have been living on my salary, which is about half what Bob was making."

Item: Cutbacks in the space program coupled with the general recession of 1970 caused an exceptionally high rate of joblessness in aerospace and related industries. By January, 1971, there were 5.4 million Americans out of work, 2 million more than a year earlier. While economists now talk of an upswing in the 1971 economic picture, unemployment may continue to rise before starting down.

When the Maltbys joined Brevard County's fraternity of unemployed aerospace families, they knew the going would be rough. One common bond unites these families: they are determined to stay and wait it out.

"We've lived here for almost 13 years," Bob points out. "Our roots are firmly planted and we have no place, really, to go back to. Besides, the same problem exists all over the country; the economic opportunity is no greater in other areas."

Helen puts it this way: "We have close friends here who have given us emotional support. We also like this town and don't want to see it fall apart."

Recession is not a stranger to the Maltbys. Shortly after the two former Minnesotans were married in 1953 they moved to Milwaukee, Wis. Bob attended the Milwaukee School of Engineering, received a two-year degree, and went to work for Allis-Chalmers. Three years later the recession of 1958 left Bob jobless, but within four days he had been interviewed and accepted by RCA for a job at the Cape.

"There must have been a reason for our coming here in the first place," says Bob. "I remember saying to Helen, 'We're going to Florida.' She gasped a few times and then we moved."

Bob and Helen Maltby feel they are more fortunate than many of their friends and neighbors—couples whose wives are unable to work or find a job. Since Helen was teaching, Bob was able to take the bull by the horns immediately and enroll in college to complete his course in education. Prior to the layoff he had been in math classes at Florida Institute of Technology. Job alternatives were scarce and Bob figured the possibility of his being called back next December for the Cape's Skylab program was remote.

"As a Cape worker, even though I'm laid off, I can attend Rollins College Branch at Patrick Air Force Base rather than travel to the main campus," Bob explains. "We are using the $1,200 from the savings plan at work for my tuition."

"Bob has been talking to the local school superintendent and, hopefully, will have a job this fall teaching electronics in the vocational-education department until he graduates in December," says Helen.

Item: The Brevard Economic Development Council says employment throughout Cape Kennedy aerospace industries began to decline shortly after the Apollo 7 launch in 1968. From a peak employment then of 101,700 it has dropped to 88,500, leaving 7.7 percent of the work force jobless. Seventy percent of the unemployed are college graduates which gives this area the dubious distinction of having one of the best-educated out-of-work groups in the country.

There is surprisingly little bitterness and lots of old-fashioned faith in the Maltby home located across Highway A1A from the Atlantic Ocean. When adversity struck, the family tightened their respective belts—from Danny, 8, and David, 10, to Kathy, 15, and Vicky, 17. "We play a lot of Monopoly and see a movie occasionally," the boys report.

"We used to eat a lot of Sunday dinners out and not worry too much about the cost," their parents recall, "but we gave that up right away which was really a small thing." Both Helen and daughter Vicky are talented with the sewing machine which they use to expand the family wardrobe at low cost. "They're still using the old, open-arm machine that Helen's mother gave her when we were married," says Bob, "and that's one thing that has really saved money for us."

The Maltbys agree they are fortunate to have low fixed expenses. "We have a medium-priced house with a small mortgage, and we've never entertained lavishly or bought tremendous amounts of furniture," Helen explains. "Bob is very capable at repairing appliances and even the car."

Simple menus are the rule although treats have not been ruled out completely. "When I was first laid off, Helen started a 'cake a week' project we all look forward to and enjoy almost more than if we had one every night," says Bob. "I drew unemployment compensation of $40 a week for six months which helped quite a bit."

The common plight of Cape families is felt in small ways, too. Most of Kathy's baby-sitting customers have moved away or stopped going out so she has learned to exist on a $1 a week allowance from her folks.

"I don't think this past year has hurt our faith in God," Helen muses. "He has provided us with the abilities and opportunities to cope with our situation. My job is an excellent example. It literally fell into my lap and I believe it was meant to be that way—it just didn't happen without reason. Perhaps it helped Bob to look to the field of education and make his decision to go back to school for a degree. We're definitely an education-minded family," she emphasized.

"Although we believe the church is vital, we do have questions; we've never been an unquestioning family. A lot of questions get asked around here and we don't try to give pat answers. It's not our style to tell the kids, 'This is the way it is; don't argue with it.' "

Item: up and down the Cape hotels and motels alike have closed their doors and taken down their signs. Many buildings in downtown Cocoa Beach are said to be in receivership. In the nearby town of Cape Canaveral the 200-room Hilton Motor Inn and other buildings on a 300-acre site have been taken over by McIntire Enterprises. Headed by fundamentalist radio preacher Carl McIntire, the organization hopes to attract thousands of visitors to its newly acquired headquarters. While some residents fear Cape Kennedy will become an ultraconservative area, others hope the Bible Church complex will attract new residents and stimulate revenue-producing tourism.

The Maltbys speak affectionately of their church, Cocoa Beach First United Methodist, where they have been members for almost 13 years. "When we first moved here the Methodists were organizing a congregation in the Little White Church," Helen recalls. "This nondenominational chapel was built by an early developer in this area and has been the home of at least eight congregations while they were raising funds to build their own churches. We met there for two years and when we moved into our first building in 1960, Bob was church-school superintendent. I was on a later building committee, and since then I've sung in the

Bob Maltby's electronics background enables him to save money on household appliance repairs. Each of the children has chores, and they have pitched in to help their mother as much as possible since she began teaching full time.

choir and been church librarian; but most of my time has been spent in Christian education."

"The one budgetary cut we've had to make and didn't want to is our contribution to our church," says Bob. "In our adult class recently we discussed this problem and the long-standing notion of the husband being responsible for earning a living for his family. The others said they understand that without the education I'm now working for I wouldn't be able to do things I must for my family. A response like this is typical of the moral support we've received from fellow church members," both he and Helen agree.

"Our Melbourne District has developed a team of resource people who go out as a consulting team to a church and work at each grade level with them," Helen explains. "Before I started teaching high school full time, I worked on this team after attending several church-lab schools. The teaching work that I've done through the church has many times better prepared me to be a teacher than some of the formal courses I took in education. It's made a definite impression on my being able to work with low-phase students who very much need to be taught as individuals. Getting involved with the person is equally as important as the content of a course and in this respect the church has been of great help."

Helen gets home weekday afternoons about 3 and Bob leaves for school at 5. He sees the main mechanical change in their lives as a reversal of the traditional husband-wife roles. "My big job each day is to get the kids up and see that they get off to school," he says. "This always used to be Helen's job." He also has taken on the household chores of grocery shopping and doing the family laundry and does both each Thursday.

"I would say I have become one of the finest comparative shoppers in town," he grins. "I'm also den leader of a Cub Scout group on that same afternoon so Thursday's pace is the most hectic by far." The entire family shares household tasks; an assignment roster posted in the kitchen tells everyone when it's his turn to cook dinner, set the table, load the dishwasher, and other duties.

"Our Christian outlook helped our marriage before as well as during the past year," Helen emphasized. "Actually, there was probably a greater strain put on our relationship when Bob was a Cape worker."

"Being a Cape worker meant you were devoted to your job or you didn't have a job," Bob explains. "I worked the second shift for a number of years and saw the kids only on weekends. Helen had the entire responsibility of handling day-to-day crises. I was personally and emotionally involved in this country's first tries in space and those of us on the old Aerojet crew were living the program—it was a team effort, first and foremost. The demands made on us were reflected in a high divorce rate in the community because of tensions involved in odd hours, launches held and rescheduled, perfection, frustration."

Now Bob attends classes Monday through Saturday and carries 18 credit hours this semester. His courses include political science, educational psychology, American history, curriculum planning, ecology, and sociology. "They

Even though Bob now does the weekly grocery shopping, Helen still dons an apron and plays a leading role in dinner preparations. Work assignments for all family members are posted on the cabinet above the sink.

Two of Vicky's and Kathy's friends—helicopter pilots due for assignment in Viet Nam shortly—join the Maltbys for Sunday dinner and for the family's tradition of joining hands for the saying of grace before meals.

say you grow away from the church when you're in college," Bob said, "and even though I'm 20 years older than the average student, I went through the process of searching out and trying to understand what God really means for modern man. I certainly haven't found all the answers but I have come closer to the meaning of the divinity of God." Frequent "rap" sessions between Bob and his two high-school daughters produce valuable information and insights for both generations.

A few minutes before Apollo 14's launch last January 31, the Maltby family and TOGETHER Picture Editor George P. Miller walked the short distance to the beach to watch for the slender white "bird" rising from Cape Kennedy, 28 miles due north. Still very much "involved" in the space program, though no longer an actual part of it, Bob Maltby set up a 3-inch telescope to enhance the viewing. A rain squall at the launch area delayed lift-off for almost a half hour. Then the orange glow of the rocket burn became visible across the flats from Cocoa Beach, and as the huge craft broke through the clouds it arched over the beach leaving a white trail.

"Even though the Apollo program will be ended after three more flights, I think the $10 billion it cost has been well spent," Bob Maltby insists. "That and the atomic-energy program are probably the two biggest projects in our time. I believe the space program will continue because private industry has seen the advantages in satellites. Within the next 10 years I think the big emphasis will be on 'near' space—the space just outside our own atmosphere," he predicted.

"Even though we have 5 million or more people unemployed right now, this is a transition time which will be well worth whatever it costs to realign toward a new generation of peace.

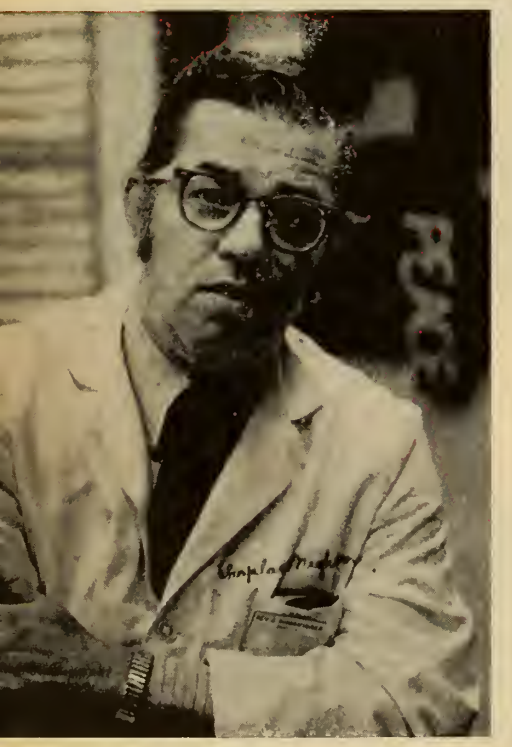
"This year has meant an upheaval for the Maltbys," the younger-than-40-looking Bob observes. "I'm inclined to think, however, that in spite of our difficulties, this has been a good experience for us."

That is about the extent of his comment on the Maltbys' own "upheaval," and he directs the conversation back to his more general concerns:

"We need a new orientation. We need to get our people back together because we've had a divided country for too long. Man is just now realizing he is really living in a small world and his fate is tied to that of his fellowman as it's never been before."

It seemed to go without saying that man's recent realization of the true smallness of his world owes much to the space program in which Bob played a part. □

Some Christian Perspectives on Death and Dying



Carl A. Nighswonger

Hospital chaplains work daily with dying patients and their families. United Methodist minister Carl A. Nighswonger heads the chaplaincy service of the University of Chicago Hospitals and Clinics where he and another United Methodist minister, Associate Chaplain Herman Cook, are aided by 3 resident chaplains and 13 chaplaincy interns. Chaplain Nighswonger also directs the hospitals' Human Ecology Seminars, which grew out of research on patients' attitudes toward death and dying initiated five years ago.

At these seminars patients who are very ill, many of them terminally ill, share how they feel—what they fear, what worries them, what gives them hope—with seminar students on the other side of a one-way glass. More than 400 patients have been such seminar "teachers," and over 100 theology students, pastors, and chaplains have attended the seminars as part of the University of Chicago Divinity School's clinical pastoral education program. Other seminar students regularly include physicians; nurses; social workers; psychologists; students in medicine, social work, psychology, and nursing; and hospital staff members. TOGETHER Associate Editor Helen Johnson interviewed Chaplain Nighswonger shortly after she attended one of the hospitals' seminars.

What does a chaplain do at the University of Chicago Hospitals and Clinics?

Support is probably the best word to describe it. The chaplaincy is part of the hospitals' concept of total-patient care—medical, mental, and spiritual—and there is a chaplain on call 24 hours a day. We support the patient in dealing with his illness and treatment; the patient's family, who often bear the greatest burden as they stand and wait; the physician in his dealings with the patient and the family's emotional state; and hospital employees with any personal problems they have.

What does human ecology mean in terms of the seminars?

The patient's human environment—his family and friends, doctors and nurses, and other people on the hospital staff whose work touches his life.

Is it hard to get dying patients to agree to act as "teachers" in the seminars?

Most people don't want to talk about death. Some patients with a terminal illness feel panic, depression, and despair at the very thought of it. And some members of patients' families may feel angry, frustrated, and helpless. But patients in the seminar program are in it because they volunteer, and we do not invite any patient to participate in a seminar unless we feel that doing it can serve as therapy for him as well as a learning experience for the people attending the seminar. Actually, we've discovered that many patients are hungry to talk about their impending death but don't feel free to do it because they are afraid to worry others. We live in a death-denying culture.

You mean that many people won't talk about dying?

All too often we avoid talking about death. We attempt to deny it, we pretend it's not happening, and so we don't make use of the anticipatory grief of the family or the preparatory grief of the patient. This makes the patient feel terribly alone. And after his death the family can't work things out with him—he is gone. And their bereavement, too, becomes more difficult than it should be.

Are some people more afraid of the process of dying than of what will happen to them after death?

All of us have to deal with two stings of death. One is the threat of death itself—what some people call the fear of death, or nonbeing. The other is separation from one's fellowman.

Someone who has come, within the Judeo-Christian tradition and his own Christian perspective, to see death as a part of life will see something beyond it—fellowship or reunion with God, reunion with loved ones. But there is a second sting to death, and this is separation from all that one has ever known—work, play, family, friends, even enemies. This is what tends to focus on the process of dying: Will I be able to die with my family and with friends? Will it be too painful? Will it be too expensive? Will it be prolonged? Will I become a vegetable? Will I be put away in a nursing home?

One thing I'd like to correct is the notion that if you're Christian you shouldn't be concerned about death. That's true in the sense that death has meaning, that it is part of life and not the end of life. But when you are 35 years old and have four or five small children and a husband who needs you, if you have a home with a mortgage and a lot of life still not lived, then death may not be frightening or you may not be concerned over what's in the future for you as a Christian, but still you want to live to see your children grown. This is very human and very real, and it isn't unchristian. It means that you're struggling with the second sting of death.

When we chaplains try to help people face death, and help their families, we have to recognize that we're dealing with these two kinds of concerns. And we have to deal with the preparatory grief of the patient who is preparing to die and with the anticipatory grief of the family.

Are there common denominators in the way people meet the knowledge that they are going to die?

Every person is different, and since we each experience life in a unique way, we experience dying in a unique way. But we have found that many dying patients, and sometimes their families, go through six emotional dramas as they come to grips with impending death. If you view dying as a pilgrimage, a passing through the valley of the shadow, you can view these dramas as steps in this pilgrimage. Each of them may provide for growth toward fulfillment, or it may impede the fruition of the pilgrimage.

When someone is told that he is going to die, his first reaction is shock. He may deny it and cry: "Not me!" Or he may panic and resort to impulsive, uncontrolled, unrealistic behavior.

Denial is healthy because it allows him time to muster his inner forces to cope with a situation which otherwise would overwhelm him. Prolonged denial, however, indicates that he can't deal with the situation, and it may even prevent him from seeking further treatment. Panic is rarely constructive. Terror can be so overcoming that a patient will try to escape reality through self-destruction.

After the initial shock, which usually is short-lived, there is the drama of emotion as the patient accepts the reality of his condition. Now he will openly express his anger, demanding: "Why me?" This anger may be directed at himself, at a loved one, or even at God. It's good for it to be expressed so he can move along to the next step in his pilgrimage. If these negative feelings can't be expressed, the anger will turn inward, and the patient will become severely depressed. This can happen, incidentally, when a patient is angry and everybody tries to cheer him up.

The third stage is a drama of negotiation, when the patient will either sell out or bargain. If he is depressed, he may feel that he's getting what he deserves, or he may feel extremely alienated from others. Either way, he may sell out. But hopefully he will move from the "Not me!" stage to "Maybe not me," and enact a drama of negotiation. He may try to make a deal with the doctors, that if he co-operates fully, they will make an extra effort for him. Or his negotiation may be with God, in the hope that God can be persuaded to intervene. This kind of bargaining is very human and normal, and it helps the patient get ready for the next drama.

Negotiation ends as the progress of his illness and treatment procedures convince the patient that this is indeed happening to him, and he enters the drama of cognition. This is when he starts asking what all this means to him. If he has sold out in the preceding stage, he will have little choice but despair, which he may express in stoic bitterness or further symptoms of depression and hopelessness.

On the other hand, he may discover some new sense of meaning and purpose that offers the hope of personal fulfillment in death. Such realistic hope is difficult for us to grasp. We tend to associate hope with getting well. But at this point in the patient's pilgrimage he may hope that his dying won't be prolonged, that he won't have to linger on as a vegetable, that he won't have a great deal of pain, that his illness won't leave a financial burden on his family.

The fifth drama is the drama of commitment, and it is characterized either by acceptance or resignation. The patient who sold out in the third drama and felt despair in the fourth now resigns himself to a meaningless end of existence. But other patients are able to say, "Yes, it is me," as an affirmation, and to have the courage to affirm death as the natural fulfillment of life and completion of its meaning and purpose.

As death nears, the patient completes his pilgrimage in a drama of completion. Here he may either have a sense of fulfillment or of forlornness. Forlornness often takes the form of withdrawal and depression, but in fulfillment the patient has completely accepted his death and his last moments on earth are tranquil and peaceful.

Isn't the time between the diagnosis of fatal diseases and death longer than it used to be?

Yes, and my concern is that we make use of that time. Let's *live* that time. Let's let it be as dignified, as creative or even more creative, as enriching as the rest of life has been —perhaps for some people even more creative.

If we do this, we have to recognize that we're dealing with the family's anticipatory grief and the patient's

preparatory grief, and the goal is to synchronize these as if they were two gears with teeth which must come together. If they don't come together, they can lock, and then you don't have any movement.

If a family and a patient have lived 40 years apart and never have been able to get together, it's a little ridiculous for us to assume that they can do it alone now, but sometimes the hospital staff or other professional people can become an intermediary gear. Or it can even be a friend or another member of the family who can become this intermediary gear so that the patient and the family can come into mesh in their grief. Or if they don't get together, then maybe we can see, at least, that both are moving and dynamic in the process of coming to fulfillment.

Do some doctors and nurses feel it's a professional failure, even a personal failure, when they can't save a life?

Yes. Sometimes they feel so helpless. Sometimes it is their own grief. But at times they will insist that a patient continue to deny. They will insist on it to the family, maybe not in so many words but by their behavior. If the patient is in the drama of emotion and they emphasize that you don't express anger, then they are the gear-stoppers.

Do you believe in letting patients go on thinking that they're going to get well when the doctor knows they're not?

In terms of keeping me on and kidding me, and telling me stories as I get more and more sick, that's unreal. The truth, it seems to me, is the only way to get realistic hope. But medical practice is trained to heal people, and some doctors feel about death like some preachers feel about divorces in our churches. They feel that if they can't heal people, then they're failures. Some of them take this very personally, very seriously.

But theologically, within the tradition of the church, hope never has been based upon healing. It has been based upon relationship to God and faith in the meaning of life. We need to help people put hope into perspective. Hope is not that I won't die. If you think so, you'd better read the New Testament again. My hope is that God has meaning and purpose in my life or he wouldn't have created it. If there are people with me and there is a purpose in my life—these are realistic hopes.

Do you believe there are times when extraordinary means should be used to prolong life?

You mean to prolong death? I think there are some exceptions to the rule that you should never prolong death for a patient. If the family is still in the negotiation stage, and it gives them a week or two more, or even a month more, then I think it's ethically feasible because you are giving them a chance to catch up in their anticipatory grief. But I only know of one situation where doctors prolonged the process of dying for that reason. Usually it is their own problems with death.

If you're interested in this, read *Morals & Medicine* (Beacon Press, $2.45, paper) by Joseph Fletcher. He says that if a patient has reached the vegetable stage, where death is irrevocable and there is irreversible deterioration, then don't continue life-support systems that prevent the natural process of dying: pull the plug. But if this person has the capacity to relate, then he is still a person. There are some complex indications about this that frighten doctors because they know their limitations, and I'd not be very quick to pull the plug myself.

Does it help a doctor who has to decide whether or not to pull the plug if the patient has told him before that in this situation he would want to be allowed to die naturally?

Yes, but there's a problem. At the time the patient said this he might have been in one drama, and weeks later he may be elsewhere. Also, the family ought to be involved in the decision because they may be way behind in anticipatory grief.

How do you talk to somebody who's dying?

Well, saying, "I hear you're going to die," is different from saying, "How sick are you?" You have to listen responsively, and in responsive listening you have to hear what the person is saying, not only the words but his meaning behind the words and the feeling he's trying to communicate. Responsive listening, too, is recognizing that the patient will change.

One day he will say one thing; another day, another. But you need to listen to what he's saying right then and there.

Here at the hospital we simply ask questions and listen. But even some doctors and nurses have trouble talking about death.

What has your hospital experience taught you about faith healing?

I am a phenomenologist basically, I think. By that I mean that experience has no meaning in itself; the meaning is what you give to it. Now we have documented cases in medicine where the records show spontaneous remission. A man of religion will look at these as miracles, faith healing. A physician will call them spontaneous remission. Both are talking about the same thing, but they see it from different perspectives.

I am quite comfortable with faith healing as a reality. I believe in it, but I believe that it can't be manipulated. When it happens, it happens, but it can't be predicted, it can't be controlled, and it can't be manipulated. We don't understand why it happens to some people and not to others. When you see it this way, as God's will, then it's meaningful.

If you are in the drama of disclosure, aren't allowed denial, and you panic and go to a faith healer, usually it's not really with faith but in search for magic. If it's in the bargaining period—the drama of negotiation—it's to make a deal: "I'll give my life to God if he'll cure me." It's in the bargaining period that I'm concerned about people going to faith healers. But belief in faith healing can be an expression of one's faith and assurance in God's love, of turning oneself over to God.

What does dying with dignity mean to you?

I think to die with dignity is to die with a sense of meaning and purpose in one's death. One philosopher, Martin Heidegger, has said that one can't make sense out of his life until he makes sense of death. And within the Christian faith the Resurrection could not have happened if there had not been death first. For me, to die with dignity is to die with a sense of awareness that life is coming to an end, but it's an end that in itself is a fulfillment. This implies a relationship with God, of course.

What can you do for someone who feels guilty when somebody close to him has died?

I have yet to find anybody in bereavement who didn't have some realistic guilt feelings. But when these reach neurotic proportions, when people blame themselves for having them, then it takes away from the dignity, and it takes away the rich love that there should be.

You know, we've made a mess of

bereavement. We don't take advantage of the anticipatory-preparatory grief. How many people don't know what their husband wished, or their wife wanted, because they never talked about it before he or she died!

But one of the real problems of bereavement is the problem of ambivalence. We remember the scriptural admonition not to be angry but we forget the admonition to be angry but sin not.

If your husband leaves you with three small children to take care of by yourself, why aren't you angry? You may be angry with him, or you may be angry with God for letting him die—and let's not ignore how much anger at God can make God seem to be an enemy. So if we can help people see that in bereavement it's not wrong to love the person who has just died and at the same time to be furious because he's left them, and that they need not feel guilty because of this ambivalence, then we've helped them.

What is your own feeling about death?

I am one who believes very strongly in the story of creation—when God was finished he looked upon it and found it good. We can do a lot of fouling up with what is given us, but still, basically, it's good. And death was given us as a part of life. I don't see death as unnatural. It does seem to me that it's part of life.

I find a great deal of comfort in the New Testament tradition of the Christian faith, and I have found little in it to contradict that we were born to die. I like the kind of belief that Paul Tillich meant when he wrote about the "eternal now," that life with God begins when one experiences the eternal.

What happens after these bones and flesh quit functioning is, for me, sort of frosting on the cake. Whatever it is, if we know that God is love, we know that it's more of what we've already experienced of his love. Separation is primarily separation from the goodies, but I admit I don't want to leave my family, I don't want to leave my work. This doesn't mean that I'm afraid to die, it's just that I like to live. □

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North Carolina, Indiana Send Teams:

Volunteers Help Hondurans Rebuild

Local men unload sand for their new church building on Roatan Island, off the coast of Honduras.

Text and Pictures by Earl K. Wood
Editor for Promotional Materials
Division of Interpretation
United Methodist Program Council

THE BAY ISLANDS, 40 miles off the Caribbean Coast of Central America, periodically are pounded by hurricanes. One such storm, named Francelia by weathermen, roared across the islands on September 3, 1969. Countless buildings including Methodist churches and a school were flattened or badly damaged.

Discovered by Columbus in 1502, the Bay Islands have been a part of the Republic of Honduras since 1859, but before that they were under British control and their Methodist churches grew from the work of British missionaries. Even today these churches are related to the world Methodist community through a superintendent who lives 140 miles across the Caribbean (much farther in

terms of available transportation) in British Honduras.

It was the superintendent, the Rev. Trevor Bates, who in 1969 made an urgent plea for help in rebuilding the church properties Francelia had wrecked. Response came quickly from the New York headquarters of the United Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief (UMCOR). Bill Richardson, a United Methodist layman and contractor from Seneca, S.C., was dispatched to survey the damage. On his recommendation UMCOR then set about to raise work teams of carpenters, masons, plumbers, and other workers to go to Honduras at their own expense.

Three teams—including volunteers from North and South Carolina, Maryland, and Montana—were formed and the first team arrived on Roatan, largest of the Bay Islands, in February, 1970, just five months after the storm. Each team worked a two-week shift between February and April, the islands' dry season. (Some would call it the "less wet" season.)

During the two months the 28 men spent on Roatan they worked with local Methodists in the town of Coxen Hole in erecting a new 40 by 80-foot church and attached 30 x 70-foot school. The structure replaced the Mount Hoole Mission and Industrial Training School which had been leveled by the storm. Other churches remained in ruins, however, and the 1970 volunteers came home urging that more volunteers be recruited to go to the Bay Islands and continue the work in 1971. Experienced workmen willing to put in long hours, they said, should be able to build not just one but two new churches this year. The second-year volunteers would have one big advantage: the 1970 teams took with them a diesel generator, a cement mixer, two cement-block-making machines. This equipment was left for use at the school. By the time the 1971 volunteers would arrive, thousands of blocks would be ready.

Additional material and equipment were shipped to Roatan and the first 1971 team—eight North Carolinians and one Marylander—arrived on February 15. One of the 1970 workers, the Rev. Joe L. Ervin of Lincolnton, N.C., was the team leader. A week later they were joined by six Indiana men with DePauw University chaplain Marvin G. Swanson as the organizer. By March 1 a new church for the village of French Harbor was nearing completion and a second building, somewhat smaller, was being started about six miles up the coast at Jonesville.

The French Harbor church is a 52 by 24-foot building with concrete floors, cement-block walls plastered inside and out, plywood ceiling, and asbestos roofing.

"We would have been without a church building for years if it hadn't been for the work team," one church member said as he surveyed the new structure.

The church's pastor, the Rev. Roger Lee, was pleased, too: "Our people have always built only with wood and are not familiar with cement-block construction. While we would have rebuilt eventually, it would have been only a frame building, subject to the rapid deterioration of this tropical climate. Your church will stand."

The team members did not want this to be "their" church, and it really wasn't. A number of Hondurans were involved throughout the project. They had selected the location as well as helping with the work.

To the amazement of the islanders, each of the two churches was completed—except for interior work—in

Within earshot of the now gentle Caribbean waves, workmen build the reinforced cement-block walls of Jonesville's church. Team leaders (below) were Joe L. Ervin, sitting, and Marvin C. Swanson. Both are ministers.

Joe Ervin (left) and Howard Lawing set the steeple of French Harbor's new church in place. The interior work—painting and electrical wiring—was to be completed by Hondurans after the hard-hat volunteers returned to the U.S.

two weeks time. To accomplish this, team members were up each morning by six o'clock, at work an hour later, and took only half an hour for lunch. Sometimes they loaded or unloaded supplies after supper. By the time the Indiana team left Roatan (a week after the North Carolinians went home), all that remained to be done was interior painting and electrical work. This was to be done by the Hondurans and perhaps is finished by now.

As with the 1970 volunteers, the workmen donated their own time and expenses not covered by their local congregations. UMCOR paid for some of the building materials, and additional funds came from the United Church of Christ board of missions, the World Council of Churches, and the Bay Islanders themselves. Some funds were received from insurance on the buildings destroyed by Francelia.

During their stay volunteers lived in homes and inns, experiencing the life-styles of Roatan. The island has no paved streets, no waste or sanitation facilities, an inadequate water system, and no telephones or television. Electricity is available in villages only from 5:30 to 9:30 p.m. Coconuts, bananas, pineapples, and plantains (a greenish starchy fruit)—are staple foods along with rice and beans. The sea provides conchs, shrimp, and lobster, and the lizardlike iguana is considered a delicacy.

Mainland Honduras, like most of Latin America, is predominantly Roman Catholic, but most of the approximately 9,000 Bay Islanders are Methodists. Both their Protestantism and their preference for the English language dates to the English colonization in the 1600s.

Largest of the 10 island congregations is the one in Coxen Hole which serves as headquarters for Pastor Roger Lee's 12-church circuit (two small congregations are on the mainland). Through their relationship to Superintendent Bates and other Methodists in British Honduras, the 12 Honduran churches are part of the Methodist Church of the Caribbean and the Americas, a multinational denomination formed recently.

Pastor Lee and his wife came to Roatan from England just last year. Besides serving as head of the 12-church circuit, assisted by local lay preachers, the Lees teach in the church day school. (Coxen Hole children become bilingual at an early age, learning English at home and Spanish, the official national language, in school.)

The school's importance to island children is accented by the fact that average yearly income of island families is under $1,500. Off-island education is out of the question for most young people. In offering secondary-level teaching, the Industrial Training School provides the only opportunity most Roatan youngsters have for education beyond the sixth-grade level required by the government.

No one seriously believes, of course, that there will never be another hurricane on the Bay Islands though everyone hopes that there will not be another as destructive as Francelia. Thanks to the UMCOR volunteers, chances seem good that the new buildings of cement and mortar will withstand the winds and water of another storm better than their wooden predecessors.

"What these men accomplish in such a short time is amazing," said J. Harry Haines, UMCOR executive secretary, after visiting Honduras last spring. And then he added: "The work they do is so important—but even more important is their Christian spirit and attitude." □

To of those and, let's see, one of ce and . . ." Typical bakery scene? o quite, for this is a center for ary trainees, and it's sponsored y Saint John's United Methodist ch in Milwaukee, Wis. Trainees e either handicapped persons or ent or prospective welfare recipi- nt Object of the program, said the or, the Rev. R. L. Kihl, is to create ell persons able to establish e selves in the community. The sign ce Mrs. Ruth Tyson's head indi- at the bakery's church ties: "God e With You and Come Again."

Coming: A Ministry of Housing

A brand-new ministry for some Roman Catholic religious orders will be of great interest, and possibly some pain, to United Methodists. It means poor and moderate-income families—black, Spanish-speaking, and Appalachian white—will be living next door in the suburbs.

How come? Several religious trends of the 1960s are responsible: (1) fewer young Catholics are entering convent or monastery these days so all the open acreage purchased back in the '30s on the outskirts of big cities for building expansion is not needed; (2) Vatican II encouraged new styles of ministry; and (3) a leading moral crisis in the U.S. is being caused by bad housing. Somebody has to do something.

Some of this sentiment for new ministry surfaced in the Chicago suburb of Wheaton, Ill., this spring at the Franciscan Sisters convent. There an Ecumenical Institute on Church Property and Housing brought together more than 125 priests, nuns, and brothers from many religious orders in 15 states from New England to the Southwest and delegates from five cosponsoring Protestant denominations, including United Methodists.

Encouraging the exploration of this new boost to housing for poor or low-income people were lawyers, bankers, and real-estate developers and managers.

One of the liveliest speakers was J. Gordon Gilkey, a United Church of Christ clergyman for 25 years and now a vice-president of Carson, Pirie, Scott, and Co., a big Midwest retail department store chain. He related why 25 of the biggest Chicago area businesses, including retailers and public utilities, are interested in housing: "Over the long run a retailer can't conduct its business if the community can't solve such problems as housing."

Two successful metropolitan plans for helping moderate income people find homes were explained by Edward Holmgren, a Chicago housing leader. The examples are near Dayton, Ohio, and Rockford, Illinois.

Dr. Richard Tholin, a United Methodist professor at Evangelical Theological Seminary, Naperville, Ill., pointed out that churches need to use property for "people purposes" and as incentive and pioneering examples to other property owners. "The decision makers have to be confronted with facts about their shutting out of blacks, poor, and elderly," he stated.

A new national mood, backed by decisions in state and federal courts, was explained by David Callies, an attorney for a law firm specializing in zoning code laws. He said judges are beginning to strike down zoning laws that in practice deny housing to less affluent families.

Christian resources for helping people once they are in better housing were outlined by Father Richard Leisen of St. Cloud, Minn. "Development plans should include day-care centers and family, monetary, and employment counseling . . . the church has experts in law, nutrition and other fields . . . the church is a collection of resources for taking care of people," he said.

Speaking to the same extra dimension of Christian involvement in housing was Sister Virginia Mary Barta, president of the Federation of Franciscan Sisters of the United States. Christians, she said, can supply "soft" management, a human concern that housing residents control their own lives, have access to day care, adult education, medical help, and community fun. It is fully as important as "hard" management skills of maintenance and rental collections, though no more so, she added.

James Strenski, institute program chairman and a housing management expert, warned that good community relations between religious orders and suburban neighbors need to be nurtured and improved. Unless suburbanite fears are understood and their substantial arguments neutralized or countered, housing projects would fail. In the words of retailer Gilkey the same day: "The problem is the sinfulness of all, including the clergy and the members of religious orders."

—*William C. Henzlik*

Married No More; What Now?

"We all have the idea of the Christian family as father and mother and children who live in a nice white house in the suburbs. But what about the one-parent family —an increasing fact of life in these times?" asks one United Methodist minister who helped launch a program tor formerly married persons.

The church is a couple-oriented society, believes the Rev. Levon G. King of Metropolitan United Methodist Church in Detroit, Mich. "If you're not a couple, if you're divorced, or widowed, you just don't fit in."

The minister of Christian education has found that many divorced people feel bitter toward the church. He thinks one reason is that divorced people themselves feel so guilty that they avoid the church. On the other hand, he pointed out, "People in the church are threatened emotionally and tend to judge and condemn. They are often inclined to be righteous: 'I've had problems, but I've stuck it out.' "

Mr. King was clued into the problem three years ago by members of his church. The only organization in Detroit helping the formerly married was Parents Without Partners (PWP).

Members of his church in 1969 organized the first Conference for the Formerly Married, held at Metropolitan Church. Letters and brochures sent to area PWP chapters, psychiatrists, and other churches brought 75 registrants. The following year's session attracted 150 registrants, about 80 percent divorced, 20 percent widowed. With the 80-20 ratio still holding true, the 1971 meeting attracted more than 300 participants, another 100 percent growth, from all over Michigan. Mr. King estimated that about 10 percent were United Methodists.

Psychologists, family-service administrators, judges, and other specialists from the Detroit area volunteered for the day-long 1971 conference. They led one-hour workshops on the identity crisis of the formerly married, legal aspects, raising children, sexual attitudes, and remarriage, and generally provided information on social and family services, recreation, education, financial planning, and employment. In addition, separate two-hour sessions were held for women and men.

Response to the conference has all been positive, said Mr. King. Plans for next year are under way, and leaders are considering ways to draw more men (about 20 percent now).

Leaders and participants realize, too, that one conference per year is not enough. The minister of education noted that the conference was initiated as only a first step. Metropolitan Church has already gone one step farther with a special church-school class on Sunday morning for divorced, widowed, and other persons who do not fit the couple category.

In addition, the church is planning a series of short-term study courses for one-parent families. One vital part of this will be dialogue between married and divorced persons. "There's a great deal of misunderstanding between the two, and divorced people often feel discriminated against," noted the minister.

Mr. King has also observed that when people are divorced, friends often act in destructive ways. "They are either threatened by it and withdraw, or they become hostile and take sides or do any number of things which become destructive. In almost no case," he stressed, "is there positive response. Consequently, a person enduring grief equal to that of the death of a mate has all this added grief to contend with."

One way he believes the church can respond is through a lay counseling service. "We hope to pull together a group of people from the church who have been either widowed or divorced and give them special training by qualified people. Then when we know of someone in the church who is divorced or widowed, a person who has already experienced the situation can go out and make a call just as a friend and then become available to them." He emphasized that this "isn't a professional person, but someone who has been through the mill and knows what it's like."

To his knowledge no other church in Detroit has a program for the formerly married, leaving only PWP which provides all the social activities that the formerly married could want, said Mr. King. But what is the church's role? "There's a tremendous need for a ministry to the formerly married," he said, but "the church is doing very little and ought to do a great deal more."

—Lynda Peak

VISITING MISSIONARY FAVORS PERMANENT ROLE

After more than a month of most constant travel and speak as a missionary to North Amer the slight, youngish man from Si Leone was noticeably tired.

But H. R. (Henry) Jusu some perked ideas of his West Afri homeland co become i volved in a p manent miss to North An ica, someth more than several weeks' visitati The Board of Missions could Africans, Asians, and others fr outside North America to its st he proposed. They would follow same pattern which North Ameri missionaries have used for ye spend three years on mission tours abroad, then return home six months or a year on deputat among their own people, and fir ly resume their lay or clergy car

What, he was asked, would people tell or teach Americans missionaries?

In a voice heavily tinged with British-influenced accent, he swered:

"As I have traveled, I h noticed that you have problems getting people into church. Y have financial problems as w Although we do not have expe most of our pastors know how get people into the church. They very good at parish evangeli work."

Americans welcome you as visitor, he was reminded. Wo they welcome you as a missiona Would Americans work with y and under you?

"Certainly," he replied, no tr of fatigue in his voice. "Why n If we are able to welcome you c give you a place to work, I see reason why you would not be a to welcome a national from Afri After all, this is church work. the church we do not discrimin Many Americans have asked if have any Sierra Leone nation serving on the Board of Missions this country. They say it is time do this. With this kind of quest and this kind of feeling, I kn some people I have visited wo be quite prepared to work with people."

But could his country afford give up some of its bright strongest people as missionaries

t is true that we cannot afford ive up our men," he replied. we are beginning to train our We have 28 ordained minis- nd 80 evangelists. And we are going to send all of them, nor they coming here to serve for Suppose we start with two or If there is no improvement for they can be sent back. But if is improvement for you, this s they would stay and serve full terms [three years]."

. Jusu also made it plain that en and clergymen alike should onsidered for the missionary ram.

. Jusu's mission to North ica included five states—New co, Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri—in United Method- South Central Jurisdiction. His al routine had him speaking to h groups, preaching, or meet- with conference staffs.

. Jusu was not unaware that llow Sierra Leonian Christians l to gain directly from his mis- o North America. His principal rn was that the way be ed for his people and others hem to share their insights and ies with what he refers to as i North American partners.

said that one of the questions frequently asked of him was ner Africans live in decent s. "I try to explain," he said, Africa has changed. It is no r the Dark Continent but an continent, welcoming every- from all over the world." It clear that he would like to see welcome reciprocated on more a come-see-us basis.

—*John A. Lovelace*

Century Club

One of our new Century Club members, Dr. Clarence M. Williams, is a retired member of the Kansas West Conference of The United Methodist Church.

Mrs. Lillie Bamsey, 100, Harlan, Iowa.

Mrs. Olive Byerly, 100, Lovilia, Iowa.

Mrs. Ada Cray, 100, Akron, Ohio.

Mrs. Alice Sharp, 100, Pasadena, Calif.

The Rev. Clarence M. Williams, 101, Corvallis, Oreg.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of the church and location where a member.

ASIAN-AMERICAN CHURCHES PRESS IDENTITY SEARCH

One of United Methodism's tiniest minorities is its Asian-American membership.

There are 66 Asian-American congregations—42 Japanese, 6 Chinese, 8 Korean, and 10 Filipino. Their 13,681 members make up 0.1 percent of the denomination. (In comparison, black churches have 3.9 percent of the denomination's membership; Hispanic-Americans 0.3 percent, and American Indians 0.1 percent.)

Until 1964, through the Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference of the former Methodist Church, the Asian-Americans had some cohesion and identity. In that year their provisional conference was abolished and their congregations absorbed into predominantly white annual conferences.

This spring Asian-American United Methodists held their second convocation within a year as part of a continuing search for identity and a united approach to Asian-American ministries. The search is strongest in United Methodism's Western Jurisdiction where 38 of the congregations exist.

The spring convocation asked for restructuring of an advisory committee appointed by the Board of Missions' National Division in 1969. On it are 16 clergymen and 1 layman. The convocation wants it restructured to be broadly representative of the four major ethnic groups, to include clergy, youth, and women, and be broadly representative geographically.

Youth wielded considerable influence in the convocation. They led a 47-44 vote to revise the convocation's agenda, then had their own group discussion apart from discussion groups for the four ethnic groups.

Special emphasis on the drug problem among youth was one of the convocation's pleas. Youth also called for more relevant curriculum materials and requested denominational funds to hold their own Asian-American caucus.

Youth concern was at least implied in another major convocation topic, ministerial recruitment. There were two suggested solutions.

A representative of the United Church of Christ in Japan told the convocation that his church has a surplus of ministers, especially among recent seminary graduates. He suggested that they be placed in United Methodist churches in Hawaii and on the mainland.

But the Rev. Woodie White, executive secretary of United Methodism's Commission on Religion and Race, said importation of ministers from Japan is only part of the solution. He suggested that an Asian-American curriculum and faculty be developed at a United Methodist seminary, and he recommended the School of Theology at Claremont [Calif.] for this work because of its proximity to the churches to be served.

He told the convocation that Asian-American United Methodist churches have operated, as have black churches, with a middle-class ministry. He urged them to deal with problems of housing, employment, welfare, youth culture, and other social issues that plague minorities.

Mr. White said that while The United Methodist Church is the most ethnically inclusive denomination in American Protestantism, it has historically viewed ethnic constituents paternalistically.

"You are not white, you never were, and you are never going to be," Mr. White told the convocation. "Therefore you must accept that fact and come to a greater understanding of who you are as Asian-Americans in the church.

"If The United Methodist Church is to serve Asian-Americans, it will be because Asian-American churches have been effective. We cannot expect others to do it."

The commission which Mr. White heads has voted $47,000 for a two-year study of Asian-American ministry needs within United Methodism. The convocation adopted procedures for recommending appointment of a director for the denomination-financed study.

998 DELEGATES ELIGIBLE FOR GENERAL CONFERENCE

The 1972 General Conference of The United Methodist Church will be entitled to seat 998 delegates, only two short of the church's constitutional limit of 1,000.

On the ratio of 87 percent former Methodists and 13 percent former Evangelical United Brethren as specified by the 1968 Uniting Conference, 130 of the 1972 delegates must be former EUBs.

Half the 998-member body must be clergy, the other half laymen.

Largest delegation to the 1972 General Conference in Atlanta, Ga., will be 36 representatives from the West Ohio Conference.

VIET NAM REHABILITATION AS UNCERTAIN AS THE WAR

Rehabilitation efforts in Viet Nam remain as uncertain and unpredictable as the war itself.

One United Methodist Board of Missions staffer has predicted that even if the war ended today, rehabilitation would take at least 10 more years. But will churches continue their workload in Viet Nam or will they soon forget about that country when faced with other headlines?

American churches are working with the Vietnamese through the ecumenical, international Vietnam Christian Service (VNCS) which operates programs in 13 areas in South Viet Nam. Organized in its present form in 1966, VNCS continues relief programs going back to 1954.

One question facing VNCS is: Will there perhaps be a government forbidding the presence of the Christian church or American Christians in Viet Nam after the war?

VNCS has become more and more future oriented. It is actually a copartnership between the Mennonite Central Committee, Lutheran World Relief, and Church World Service, through which the United Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief (UMCOR) channels aid. But the organization works closely with Catholic and small Protestant churches in Viet Nam and with the East Asia Christian Conference. Through these VNCS might be able to contribute financial aid if it becomes unable to work directly in the country.

Its emphasis has changed from a relief program for refugees to a "self help" attempt to train and equip Vietnamese to carry out the work in hospitals and clinics and agricultural and educational programs. Eventually VNCS hopes that the Vietnamese will conduct all the programs and rehabilitation and development in their country. Already the full-time staff includes 125 Vietnamese as well as 65 Americans, Canadians, Filipinos, Australians, Indians, Japanese, Dutch, and Swiss.

Five projects, financed in part by the United Methodist Fund for Reconciliation, indicate the scope of VNCS activities:

Scholarships for social workers, construction of dormitories at schools, construction of houses for refugees, scholarships for pupils attempting to enter government-run schools at fifth-grade levels, and training for physical therapists to treat the war's civilian casualties.

A sadly ironic fact about the latter program is that Viet Nam's National Rehabilitation Institute is the world's largest manufacturer of artificial limbs.

The statistics are grim, indeed. Hundreds of thousands of women, old people, and children killed or maimed . . . only one doctor per 100,000 persons . . . one out of every six South Vietnamese a refugee . . . more than 400,000 orphans and only 15,000 of them in orphanages.

"Here I sit with another baby in my arms—8 months, 8 pounds. We're going to pull *this* one through," declared Katherine Clark, a nurse from Decatur, Ala., who served three years as a UMCOR appointee with VNCS. From her diary come these other observations:

"The doctor is on vacation and I'm trying to get back into the swing of running the clinic. It really takes pushing myself to see 50 patients between 2:30 and 5:00 p.m. . . .

"You'd really laugh if you compared this place with a hospital in the U.S. The flies are so terrible this time of year . . . in the evenings patients who can be up sit on the floor in the hall with their families and have a community gab fest. It could be really frustrating to a strict authoritarian nurse. I love it. . . .

"Pleiku is really quite lovely. We are surrounded by mountains whose colors are ever changing. In the evening one can look east and see the town gleam in the last rays of sun. Then look westward and see people walking home silhouetted against the sky. . . . To enjoy the peacefulness of this scene, one must block out the barbed wire, water tank, and long, low building which composes the interrogation center. Beyond it lies the prison camp."

NEWSLETTER TO DISCUSS TRANSRACIAL ADOPTIONS

The United Methodist Board of Education is developing a newsletter for parents who have participated in transracial adoptions.

The newsletter grows out of a request by last year's National Conference on Family Life [see ***Family Conference Told: 'Think Beautiful,'*** December, 1970, page 18].

Interested persons should write Dr. Edward D. Staples, Director of Parent Education, Box 871, Nashville, Tenn. 37202.

MUSICAL CONGREGATION GUESS WHERE IT IS

Question: Which United Meth ist local church has three orchest three adult choirs, two minist and 20 lay preachers?

Answer: Proceed to the hea world Methodism if you answe the United Methodist congrega in Tallinn, capital city of the Rus state of Estonia.

The church has 1,166 memb of whom 51 joined in 1970. year it conducted 374 worship vices attended by 169,400 pers or an average of 452 per ser Offerings totaled 11,423 rul (about $13,000).

Outside this congregation th are some 1,100 other United M odists in Estonia, the only one Russia. Their church, under su vision of Bishop Ole Borgen of Stockholm Area, ordained four ministers earlier this year.

United Methodists In the News

A special ministry directed larg toward parents of young Americ who have fled the country to avo service in the Viet Nam war will headed by a United Methodist min ter, the Rev. **Baxton Bryant.** Until resignation in late March, he w director of the Tennessee Council Human Relations. The new minis was launched by the ecumenic Nashville-based Committee of Sou ern Churchmen and will operate fr a farm near Asheville, N.C.

Dr. **Alan Walker,** president of t Methodist Church in New Sou Wales, will receive the annual *Upp Room* Citation in August.

New president of the Kansas Cou cil of Churches is Judge **Floyd Coffman** of Ottawa, Kans. The Unit Methodist layman serves the fou Judicial District of Kansas.

Dr. **Joseph H. Yeakel,** gene secretary of the United Method Board of Evangelism in Nashvil Tenn., and Dr. **John T. King,** preside of United Methodist-related Husto Tillotson College in Austin, Texas, a among 10 members of the new Co mission on Structures of Mission the Consultation on Church Uni (COCU). They will analyze prese church structure and identify ste to make the proposed COCU chur "possible and credible" and find wa to emphasize mission and dimini bureaucracy.

Draft Counsel: Families, Too

Draft resistance, draft evasion, and military desertion are increasing, but it isn't easy to find churchmen who counsel evaders and their families and are willing to talk about it.

In Waukegan, Ill., things were different. There, in an informal but intense luncheon conversation, a United Methodist minister and a Quaker housewife, both active in draft counseling, shared some of their experiences with TOGETHER.

The Rev. Eugene H. Winkler said that draft counseling has led him into some unexpected ecumenical and interreligious trails.

Mr. Winkler and his congregation, Faith United Methodist, aided a Catholic family after the local hierarchy refused to support the family's oldest son's claim of conscientious objection. When the father, an electrical engineer, lost his job because he supported his son, members of Faith Church tided the family over during the unemployment period. The church even hired the father as a member of its maintenance crew.

The Catholic family, wishing to be near the son who had moved to Canada to evade the draft, moved to Montreal a year ago where the father works as a house painter.

Of his church's involvement, Mr. Winkler said, "The church just felt that it should support the beliefs of its family."

Lack of family solidarity was part of the problem in a counseling session Mr. Winkler had with a Polish family. Both parents were displeased after their son said he would refuse to fight.

The parents sought the advice of Mr. Winkler, who has counseled in a number of similar situations. After several sessions the parents reached a better understanding of their son and are now solidly behind him. He has a court conviction for draft evasion hanging over him and is waiting a decision on his appeal to a U.S. Circuit Court.

The youthful minister listed three general reactions of families who first learn that their son has chosen to avoid military service: (1) shock, (2) shame, (3) desire to support and help the son after some understanding have been reached. "It is the counselor's job to create that understanding," he explained.

Mr. Winkler often refers persons seeking counseling to the 12-member (all lay persons) metropolitan Draft Information Group (DIG) "because they have more expertise and time. I feel most competent counseling persons about the draft who have religious training, since that is my background," he said.

A DIG member who seemed quite understanding and knowledgeable was Mrs. Alice Walton. The middle-aged Quaker who has no children of her own said Americans have changed their attitudes toward conscientious objectors.

"People are realizing that their son is not a coward or morally unfit because he refuses to fight in the armed forces," she said. "They aren't using the term 'yellow belly' any more, either."

Mrs. Walton, who spends an average of six hours daily in one or another activity of draft counseling, expressed sympathy for many draft resisters.

"Many started as would-be conscientious objectors. But because they did not have the right terminology or didn't know how to present their case, draft boards did not believe them. They had no place else to turn, so they fled. This country is building a new class of criminals," she concluded sternly.

Asked if she had counseled men who later went to Canada, she replied she had but said she felt that most resisters are hiding in the United States. "Conditions in Canada for dodgers have become so poor that word is out not to come," she observed. Estimates of the number of U.S. citizens who have emigrated to Canada to avoid military service run as high as 100,000.

Mrs. Walton said that most of today's independent counseling groups like DIG are made up of women. She says women are in the limelight because they have the time and because their hearts are not hardened by war.

—James Campbell

In 1915, when she was 31, Miss Jesse Williams succeeded her mother as church organist. Now, 56 years later, she's still playing at Council Hill United Methodist Church in Illinois.

BISHOPS SPEND 3 DAYS STUDYING UNITED NATIONS

Sixty of United Methodism's 85 active and retired bishops went back to school for three days this spring in an unusual setting with only one subject to be studied.

The subject was the United Nations, and the location was the United Methodist-owned Church Center for the United Nations across the plaza from UN headquarters in New York City.

United Methodist clergymen and laymen who are also international-affairs specialists told the bishops that churchmen must stand behind the UN as it seeks world peace, freedom, and justice. They also stumped hard for U.S. commitment to the UN.

Council President Bishop John Wesley Lord of the Washington Area said in a statement following the bishops' three-day meeting, "The United States has no choice but to support the UN, for if we did not and the UN were allowed to die, the chances that man would blow himself from the face of the earth would be vastly increased. The cost of the UN to American taxpayers is slight, less than the cost of a single destroyer."

The Council of Bishops has held similar seminars in past years at the UN or in Washington, D.C.

From Old Bark, New Bite

The Rediscovery of God's Spirit in Life Today

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH has a curious way of putting forth vigorous shoots of new life at the very moment when it seems most in danger of dying.

It has happened time and again during the 2,000-year history of the church. And it is happening right now.

By all external appearances, the church today is a badly ailing institution. In many large denominations, membership is slumping, attendance is down, and giving is off to a painful degree. There is demoralization among the clergy. Conflict over the churches' involvement in social issues generates bitter dissension.

But in the midst of all these discouraging developments, something new and infinitely hopeful is taking place. It is a rediscovery of the dynamic reality which the early Christian community called "the power of the Spirit."

When Jesus took leave of his disciples, he promised that they would not be left alone and unguided and would not have to rely on their own feeble strength to carry on in the self-sacrificing way of love he had taught them.

He said the Spirit of God would come into their hearts and take possession of their lives, giving them courage, hope, and capacity for love, and a power for goodness vastly exceeding anything they could will or achieve by themselves.

The fulfillment of this promise is vividly described in the Book of Acts. Indeed, it radiates through the entire history of the church during its first 150 years —the period when the Good News spread like wildfire through the Roman world.

When filled with "the power of the Spirit," frightened men became brave, weak men became strong, selfish men became generous, and insensitive men became understanding and compassionate.

Unfortunately, the power of the Spirit, so central to the life of the early church, grew less conspicuous over the ensuing centuries when the church grew into a rich and successful institution with a good deal of power of its own.

From time to time, the power of the Spirit would flare out like a sun spot, in a dramatic moment of renewal. But over long periods, the church acted as though it had all but forgotten its dependency on a power beyond itself. Worse, it sometimes acted as though the power of the Spirit could be tamed, confined to neat institutional channels, and summoned forth at will by appropriate rites and invocations.

Today, the church again is in a weakened state and is compelled by this blessed weakness to look beyond itself for strength and renewal. So emphasis on the power of the Spirit is undergoing a remarkable resurgence across the entire spectrum of Christian denominations.

Wherever a revival of Spirit-centeredness occurs, the church quickly learns that this is the answer the modern world has been looking for and which it has not found in the dry doctrines, the customs and ceremonies, and the moral preachments offered by the church when it is passing out stones instead of bread.

From my own experience in writing a syndicated religion column for secular newspapers and speaking before many kinds of nonchurch audiences, I can testify that people who have never been interested in theological speculations about God are intensely interested in the possibility of actually encountering God as a Reality to be known and experienced here and now. This is particularly true of today's young people. They may be indifferent toward creeds and hostile toward institutions, but they are powerfully attracted to the idea of God in action, God at work in the world, God dwelling in the hearts and minds of men.

There is nothing for which the modern world has a greater hunger than the experience of direct personal communion with God. And that, of course, is precisely what the church has to offer, in the power presence of the Holy Spirit.

To come out of its present doldrums, the church must reclaim its birthright as the Fellowship of the Spirit. —*Louis Cassels*

Mr. Cassels is religion writer for United Press-International and a layman in the Episcopal Church. This is an **Interchurch Feature** reprinted, with permission, from *The Episcopalian*. Copyright © 1971 by The Episcopalian, Inc.
—*Your Editors*

On Not Throwing Bricks

By DAVID V. MAYS

Advance copies of *On Not Throwing Bricks* were mailed to a representative sample of TOGETHER subscribers. Their answers to a special questionnaire and some of their individual comments about the article appear on pages 24 and 25. From time to time other readers will have an opportunity to participate in "Readers Respond."
—Your Editors

WHY IN heaven's name did Peter throw that brick at the policeman?

Maybe Peter is failing and throwing a brick was just one way to close the school. Maybe he received his fifth parking ticket yesterday in front of the dentist's office, and was upset with the police department. But maybe, on the other hand, Peter threw that brick because a policeman tossed some vomit gas at him as he curiously stood too close to a demonstration last week. Maybe his brother's girl friend has just been clubbed. Maybe Peter threw that brick because for one hopeless, screaming, crying, futile moment, Peter couldn't stand it anymore, and hate flooded in where all of Peter's love had left him standing alone.

Only Peter can know why he threw that brick, but that doesn't mean I can't find anything to say. Demonstrations closed a phenomenal number of college campuses last spring. Four students were shot at Kent State University and two at Jackson State College. Something extremely unpleasant is happening, and if we care, we should try to find out why. As a college student, admittedly young and inexperienced, I want to share with you in love what I believe the mood and thinking of the college community to be, and to ask your help in solving its problems.

Demonstrations, protest movements, and marches were born out of a genuine and deep concern about the condition of our country and the world. The majority of demonstrators are not merely making trouble for trouble's sake, or marching out of boredom, but are honestly attempting to help to build a better world for all of us. If we accept this hypothesis, the problem becomes one of action. How do we work for good? When do we take a stand?

The second characteristic mood of today's college student is impatience. Mine is the first television generation. As far back as I can remember, I have had access to all the problems of the world. We can watch a ghetto go up in flames after having seen a special on the starving Biafrans and preceding another on Viet Nam. But more importantly, the college student has come to realize that the problems we face in today's society can be no less than immediate. If nothing is done about pollution and the population explosion now, we literally will have nothing to worry about in the next 10 years. Annihilation by nuclear weapons is always a lurking fear. The college student has plenty to be impatient about.

So Peter realizes that if he sits serenely in his room and does nothing, there may not be a world left when he goes outside for volleyball next Wednesday. Boldly, he leaves his dormitory to try to change the world.

What does he do? To change the system you must have power within the system, he realizes. Politics is obviously the mechanism of change.

But Peter is not old enough to vote in most elections so he campaigns for his favorite candidate. He works very hard and learns some hard lessons: that he has very little political influence because he does not represent a vote; that politics can be a dirty and disappointing business; that when all else fails, America has another way of dealing with its progressive leaders. He is shaken at the assassinations of Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King. He faces the fact that not only does change not happen overnight, but it may not happen at all. Politics has become just another barrier. Peter is frustrated.

In his helplessness, Peter begins to feel alienated from his government and his society. Yet he is driven by a need to change his world, so he demonstrates with other students. And since demonstrations and marches do not accomplish the desired effect and are publicly ignored, incidents occur. Students refuse to vacate a park when they are ordered to. Students block traffic on an unscheduled march. Students occupy the office of the president of a college in order to have their demands listened to.

This is a perfectly natural progression of events. If I am talking to you about an issue that is extremely important to me and you keep walking away, eventually I am going to step in front of you. So when all else seemingly had failed, students resorted to physical means of making their views known.

The nonstudent reaction was also predictable. America reacted with violence. It was the violence of our heritage and culture. It was the violence of the American Revolution, the violence of the Wild West, and the violence of American television and movies. Whether or not violence was necessary in this case, I don't know. But I do know that some gentle people choked on tear gas, and some peaceful people were clubbed. Of course

there's nothing new about that, but a new characteristic is added to our concerned, impatient, frustrated Peter. He is now afraid.

The fear which Peter feels is immobilizing and helpless. Perhaps some of you have felt it while a policeman was giving you a traffic ticket. Everything—law, order, power—is on the policeman's side. When it is the police who are chasing you, whom do you call for help? Peter is one of the majority of students who had never thrown a brick. He demonstrated for peace in Viet Nam, for a greater voice in student government, and for enforcement of antipollution laws. But our culture, which values the appearance of order over intellectual confrontation and the display of power over communication, cannot control which way the tear gas may blow or which way the bullets can fly. And the bullets and gas hit the peaceful as well as the irresponsible, the gentle as well as the destructive. Peter gets away in one piece, but he has a lot to think about.

He is stunned. The newspapers and television tell him violence breeds violence. But Peter doesn't know which violence is breeding which violence. Surely sit-ins and marches are not in the same category as vomit gas and bayonets. At Ohio State University, students throwing marshmallows at the administration building were dispersed by armed National Guardsmen. The fact that no soldiers or police have been killed in campus riots, and that no soldier was seriously hurt at Kent State the day four students died, preys on Peter's mind.

Yet the accusing finger of society still points at Peter: "If there had been no demonstration in the first place, no one would have been hurt." But Peter is too much of an idealist to surrender his right of visible protest. He has too much respect for the ideals of his country to be intimidated by force. He wants to march more than ever now to show he still believes in democracy enough to think he can change something.

And here is the real tragedy—Peter's tragedy, your tragedy, and my tragedy. We have begun to lose the distinction between protest and chaos, dissent and order.

I think violence breaks out because violence is expected. When Peter marches to the administration building to show support for a black-studies program and is met by a line of troops with unsheathed bayonets, he is probably going to get angry. Put yourself in Peter's place. As you stand there trying to get a glimpse of the president of the college in order to tell him what you have to say, the guard starts pushing you back. And the boy beside you says, "No. I've been pushed enough." And he is beaten to the ground. You begin to run and all you can think about is that someone is really hurt and the president of the university doesn't even know why. Maybe the next time you go to talk to someone, *you* will take a brick. It's a very hard decision for someone who has been dedicated to nonviolence as long as you have. But nothing else has seemed to work. It's a tough crossroads. That's what Peter is deciding right now.

Of course I have oversimplified. Obviously, students cannot be allowed to terrorize a society any more than any other group can be permitted to do that. But I do believe violence breeds violence in both ways. And if we continue to lose the distinction between dissent and chaos in an atmosphere of violence, we can only expect revolution or repression. If there is one common feeling growing among demonstrators, it is the spreading belief that the real threat to America comes not from Southeast Asia, but from ourselves.

I cannot be very optimistic in saying that we will find the answer to the problem. But I do believe that if the solution is found, it will be in the direction of communication. I am not talking about the superficial communication involved in a telephone conversation to Washington. I am talking about the deep, personal, meaningful communication which is a function of love. It is a communication born of tolerance and ending in understanding. Peter must listen to you as you must listen to Peter.

The gaps are wide but I cannot yet believe they are unbridgeable. If you and I and the person next to you can begin to communicate here, maybe tomorrow we can go out and find Peter before he throws another brick. □

READERS RESPOND

1. The right of dissent is a precious American privilege which should be guaranteed to every citizen, young or old.
94% agree **3% disagree** **3% other**

2. Bridging the gap of understanding between the older and younger generations seems hopeless today.
13% agree **84% disagree** **3% other**

3. Students should accept the rules of college and university campuses. If they don't like them, they should go someplace else where they like it better.
78% agree **16% disagree** **6% other**

4. The huge problems of our times, the injustices of our society, and the rapid pace of change in the modern world make Peter's action in throwing a brick understandable.
26% agree **64.5% disagree** **9.5% other**

5. Peter acts like an immature, coddled child who mistakenly thinks he can express his impulses without restraint.
52% agree **32% disagree** **16% other**

6. This article helps me better understand the struggles of sensitive and idealistic young people and to appreciate their reasons for protests.
48.5% agree **45% disagree** **6.5% other**

7. The right of peaceful protest must be preserved, but there is no excuse for violence of any kind by participants in protest demonstrations.
97% agree **3% disagree**

COMMENTS

No problems, great or small, can be solved when the line of communication breaks down.
—Mildred Gray, Eddyville, Ky.

There is too much written and said about the dissent of the young. There are other areas of young people's

activities such as groups camping in the national parks, which appeared on television recently. And what about all the young helping to fight pollution and doing real studies in ecology? The Scouts in a local area are clearing up the highways on a weekly basis.

I'm just a little tired of hearing about all the dissent.

—Mrs. G. Husemitja, Red Bank, N.J.

This is a thoughtful statement, and I believe it is typical of the thinking and preaching which many college students are engaged in at the present time. The problem of communication isn't new. I agree that solutions must come through finding means of adequate communication.

—Drusilla Fielding, Brunswick, Maine

Throwing the bricks will not make the problems Peter faces disappear. It can, indeed, proliferate the problems as experience has proved.

Modern teachings seem to be: don't repress your feelings; do your thing; stand up and be heard. True, everyone has a right to dissent, but is the method of mass demonstration, protest movements, marches, or even the killings the answer? One can be heard peacefully. One must discipline oneself to live without panic.

Frustrations—my life has been full of them, as have the lives of most people I know. We have found it necessary to meet them with positive thoughts, ideas, and acts of creation which require as much effort as throwing a brick.

Law and order—if there be no laws, there would be no order. Someone has to have the power for this law enforcement as we are part of this society. The tragedies at Jackson State and Kent State have received a great deal of publicity, but I wonder if all the facts are known.

Communication—this, I believe, will be your answer in trying to solve some of the struggles of today. Remember, though, you can't always be the winner.

—Mrs. George Reimlinger, Cranford, N.J.

We need God and his Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, in our hearts, homes, schools, and the pulpit. His Word tells us these discrepancies have been present from yea. Today, more than ever, we need him who redeemed man by his own blood on the cross of Calvary.

Back to the Word because today's people need to know right from wrong.

—F. S. Gardinier, Sturtevant, Wis.

I do not agree that the demonstrations, protest movements, and marches are guided by a genuine concern for our country or the world. I believe that there are relatively few radicals and agitators and that the rest follow like blind sheep.

With all due respect to our youth—and I believe that they will grow up—I don't think they are mature enough to really know their own minds fully at this stage. This is compounded many times by the lack of religion in their lives to lead them in the right direction until they do mature. Our youth are moving away from God in ever-increasing numbers, or they would not feel frustrated and helpless.

—L. C. Shave, Callahan, Fla.

The article is, as the author says, oversimplified. Obviously youth today have plenty to complain about. The youth of 10 and 20 years ago did, too. The youth then felt the older generation was all wrong. Well, the older generation wasn't 100 percent right, but their maturity made them more right than the immature college student.

I feel the same is true today. I don't like our part in Viet Nam, but if we don't combat philosophies that are completely opposed to ours, it won't be long until we will be forced to accept theirs. Personally, I would rather do it in Viet Nam than in the United States.

Why don't the youth of today get worked up over the Middle East crisis? It is a lot more threatening than the Viet Nam one. Are we supposed to be isolationists?

I am not convinced youth like Peter have exhausted all peaceful means of getting change. And then there is always the possibility that the protesters are not entirely right themselves!

—Harold W. Searly, Anchorage, Alaska

It seems to me we have the very best country to live in in this world. We are free and can worship where and how we may choose. Young people have so much they can live for and achieve here. But we do have laws to abide by and obey. Young people need to work for change in a just way, not in violence or destruction.

I believe young people have too much given to them.

—Mrs. L. B. Allen, Fremont, Nebr.

The right to dissent is a very precious thing. However, one must be very careful that his legitimate protest does not become the vehicle on which some troublemaker attaches something that you might not want to support. Like Peter, many innocent people are hurt—not because they are trying to correct a wrong, but because their real problem becomes buried in false accusations and unreal problems that have been attached to their real complaint. This getting innocent people hurt helps the cause of these troublemakers, but never helps to solve the real problems. You should have the right of dissent, but you should know why, who your leaders are, and what their real motives are.

—Mrs. W. E. Kendrick, Oneonta, Ala.

The elders of today have failed to teach the younger generation the economic facts of life. We are "too far removed from the soil." We have made some progress from caveman days, but we are not through yet. Burning down our present establishment is not the answer. Our younger generation does not have the basis for the correct analysis of our unsolved problems (which is partly the fault of our too-busy elders). Young people think they think, but alas, it is false.

—C. B. Wilson, New Orleans, La.

There are obviously many opinions of what constitutes the right of dissent. In my opinion, this right cannot be based on the plea of no communication. In any confrontation, communication, dialogue, and understanding can be present and disagreement still exist. For one to say "lack of communication" because he does not get his way is a mark of immaturity and evades the real issues.

—F. H. Martin, Crane, Texas

A blade of grass is something complex and wonderful. What makes it green? How does it taste? Could the men who made moon rockets make another one exactly like it?

The Witching Path

SHE'S THREE. She's the inhabitant of a world so private and wonderful that only a splashing brook, a dusty road, and sometimes a dog can understand.

She's curious. She wonders. She finds in a piece of bark or a blade of grass more fascination than in the toys that clutter her room.

When we moved from a city apartment into the country, I told my wife, "She'll be lonely. There'll be no one for her to play with. The nearest family is a quarter of a mile away—and they don't have children."

But my wife—ex-farm girl and instigator of our move from the sound of subway trains and buses to the silence of what I thought of as out in the sticks—shook her head.

"I don't believe children or the country have changed. You'll see."

I saw. I saw our daughter bound eagerly into each day, equipped only with her interest in and wonder about the things around her. I saw her blond head appear and reappear all over our acre and a half—but so far as my being able to share or understand her adventures, she might as well have been on the moon.

Neglected were the toys that had to be wound up or pushed or pulled. But the doll, the favorite ragged doll that had been adopted and loved above all the ones that cried and walked and talked, was her companion, and into its ears she whispered the secrets of her new world.

I wanted those secrets whispered into my ears. I wanted to belong to that entrancing world she had found.

"Did you ever *really* look at a blade of grass?" my wife asked one day as I stood at the window, watching the blond head bobbing up and down near the brook that ran past the house. "Did you ever hunt for shiny pebbles in a stream?"

I never had. But I soon did. I became a pupil, an eager student that followed his gentle teacher anywhere and everywhere. She showed

me the first nest of pheasant eggs, but I found the second one on my own. And I began to regard the dusty road, not as a nuisance that led to the turnpike but as a witching path that could take you anywhere you wanted it to.

Finally I understood her secret. There was no need for fact or reality in her world. She saw and believed that trees can be turned into birds, and birds into emissaries from a magic land that lies over the knoll behind the blackberry bush.

When we were walking home one day, the wind that had been fingering her hair stopped for a moment. She cocked her head and listened.

"What is it?" I asked.

"You can hear them, if you're quiet," she said. "Their wings. That's why the breeze stops once in a while. So the birds can get on it. That's how they fly."

Whenever a gust of air touches my cheek and I see birds wheeling high overhead, I think of that. I'm sure the wind *has* stopped for an instant, somewhere, so they could get on.

—Walter Harter

PACKAGES ON MY DOORSTEP

BY HOMER REID

THE MEMBERS of the New Buffalo hippie commune, about 10 miles north of Taos, New Mexico, live in wigwams. They have one big warehouse in which they keep seeds, tools, blankets, baby clothes, and extra groceries. I'm told that these hippies like to work together and share everything in common. And this particular community has some rather strict rules about the "proper" thing.

One day on the highway out of Taos I saw one of the New Buffalo girls, who must have been about 23, and I gave her a ride. She had been standing by the side of the road, her arms loaded down with groceries, for about two hours, and she was so grateful for the ride that I actually felt embarrassed. In the course of our conversation I told her that I am a United Methodist minister. Instead of being "turned off" by that bit of information she began to talk all the more, telling me about her home in Lancaster, Pa.

When I asked her about the Mennonites back there, she told me they are now driving automobiles, whereas, before they could only drive wagons and carriages.

"But they have to paint the chrome black," she added.

This idea amused her: "As if the black paint made any difference!"

There was a sort of earthy aroma about the girl, and it was not unpleasant. As a matter of fact, I preferred it to the highly scented deodorants that members of the establishment put so much faith in.

I told her that I was only going out about three miles to Slim Bastian's place to leave my television set, which was acting up. She said, 'I'm saving my money to buy my husband a television set. He likes to watch the football games on Sunday, but our friends won't like it. . ."

"You mean they don't like football?"

"No, the television set. They think it's bad."

"How do you feel about it?"

"I shouldn't say it, but since my husband works at the mine and gives all his money to the commune, why shouldn't he . . .?"

"Perhaps they feel the way the Mennonites do about the chrome," I suggested. She was silent.

I drove into Slim's yard, took the television set out of the trunk and left it. Then I told the girl I'd drive her on home to the commune near Arroyo Hondo since it was only five or six miles farther.

The next Sunday I was driving up to Questa, where I conduct a morning worship service. As I went through Arroyo Hondo, I noticed that the warehouse in the New Buffalo commune had burned down. Then, and on the way back later, I wondered what had happened. I learned when I arrived at our church in Taos.

Just before the service one of the church members, Mrs. Mackie, came to me and said that the youngsters at New Buffalo had lost everything. She asked if I would announce from the pulpit that they needed clothes, shoes, blankets, baby clothes, or anything we could spare. If the church members would leave what they had at the church, she would see that it was delivered.

Mrs. Mackie is sympathetic with the hippies at the New Buffalo. She runs the post office and a little grocery store at San Cristobal, which is not far from there. I agreed to make the announcement, and when I did, things really got wild!

A member of the church who is usually pretty outspoken stood up first and said, "I can't see why we should contribute anything to those dirty hippies! This could be the wrath of God on them and I, for one, am not going to interfere."

Another member who is a teacher stood up. "We know what influence these hippies are having on our high-school boys and girls," he said. "Quite a few have left home and have gone to live with them. They start them on dope. I think we should encourage the hippies to move on. I won't help them!"

Another member who contributes financially to the church said, "If this church helps those hippies, then this is no longer my church."

Many more opinions were expressed—none of them favorable to the hippies.

This was the first time I ever had been challenged in my own pulpit. I looked at them for a few moments without speaking. I knew I loved them. Each and every one had come to me at one time or another to confess heartache or confusion about the way life was treating them.

In many ways their complaints were legitimate. The influx of hippies has caused serious problems in this little community. Not all hippies are alike. Some of them have health problems. Some are promiscuous and profane. Some are full of hate, not love, as they claim to be.

Many members of my church have suffered financial loss and have seen some of their most cherished dreams go up in smoke because of the hippies. It's a long and sad story.

I remembered the girl to whom I had spoken a few days earlier. It seemed to me that she had as many hang-ups as members of the church had. More. Yet, she was seeking too. When I had left her at Arroyo Hondo, she had told me she was going to come to church. I hadn't believed she would for I thought it would be a kind of betrayal of her "friends," who would never approve.

I knew I had to make some answer. There were the members of the congregation, waiting for the preacher to speak. What words of wisdom did I have to say to them?

Finally I said, "As a Christian minister the only thing I can ask myself is, 'What would Jesus do? How would he respond?' You know the answer as well as I do. He would help them. I'm no prophet, and I really don't know if what has happened is the wrath of God. Perhaps it is a way to demonstrate Christian love. Perhaps it is an opportunity.

"At least I know we do not overcome evil with evil, but we overcome evil with good. I'm going to ask Mrs. Mackie to take that bunch of rummage we have and give it to them. If any others would care to help, they can bring what they have to the church. If you think I'm wrong, please tell me so after the service—in the study."

The remainder of the service went well for some reason or other. Perhaps it was because everyone had had a chance to "lay it on the line." And they laid it on the line some more after the service, but they were very patient and understanding with me.

Since that time I've been accused of being a "hippie-lover," and I even heard it reported that I had gone out to one of the colonies to conduct a mass marriage ceremony for about 50 of them. It's amazing how rumors get going. I don't think the people at the New Buffalo bother about marriage ceremonies—at least not the kind we have in church.

One thing I do know, however, is that during the week following the fire I found boxes of clothing, canned food, and blankets on my doorstep. One box of rather dainty shoes was left with a note: "I don't know if the hippies ever wear shoes like these, but here they are." I gave them to Mrs. Mackie and she took them out.

One of the girls from the New Buffalo Commune got acquainted with my wife in a pottery class and began coming to church. She inquired about some of the stories in the New Testament, and I gave her a copy of the *Good News for Modern Man* edition.

This girl still lives in a mud hut on the edge of town, but she has a job now and has learned to be open-minded about the establishment. I hope we Christians can be as open-minded about today's young people. □

For months the young people planned, studied, and raised money for their eight-day trip to Georgia.

Excursion to the Wesleys' America

By MARTHA A. LANE

● FOR NINE MONTHS the youth of Trinity United Methodist Church, Memphis, Tenn., had been planning, writing letters, raising money, and getting excited about their trip to Georgia—the only place in America where Methodist founders John and Charles Wesley ever lived.

Each participant had been responsible for raising $30 toward expenses of the trip. The remaining $45-per-person came from bake sales, car washes, smorgasbords, and the like. There had been required reading, too—nine books and pamphlets on John, Charles, and Susanna Wesley; Francis Asbury, American Methodism's pioneer bishop; and on United Methodism in general.

Trinity's philosophy is that "youth are the church of today—not the church of tomorrow," so trips or activities touching on either past or present Methodist history are encouraged.

Twenty-three youths and seven adults made the 1970 trip to Georgia. The bus pulled out of Memphis at 6 a.m. on Thursday, July 16, bound for Atlanta. There was time to play at two Atlanta-area attractions—the new Six Flags Over Georgia amusement park and Stone Mountain, the 1 1/2 billion-ton hunk of granite on which the huge memorial honoring leaders of the Confederacy is being carved.

Work stops in Atlanta began with a visit to Peachtree Street's coffeehouse/psychedelic poster-shop strip and other night spots which are the "turf" of Dr. Charles Wilson, director of the inner-city ministry. At Emory University, a campus tour included the school of theology and archeological and Methodist museums. The group also visited Atlanta's United Methodist headquarters.

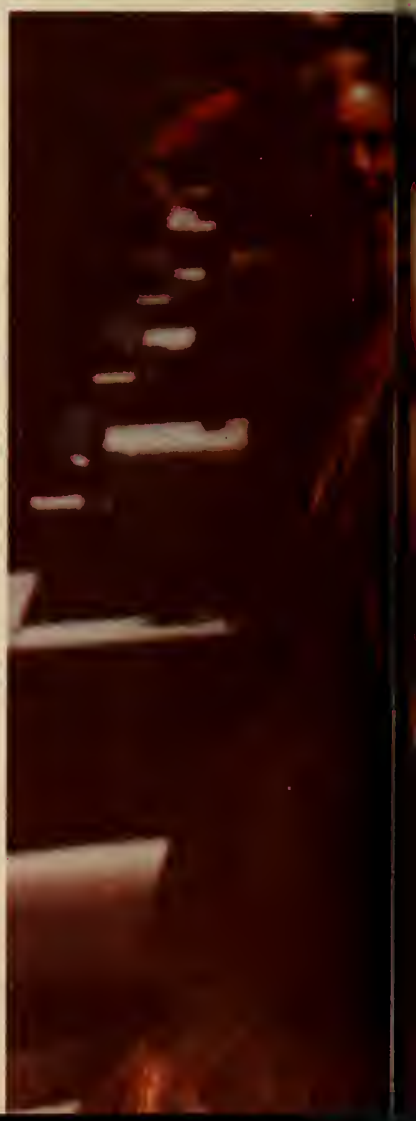
A sticky-hot, all-day drive took the Memphis bus travelers to the beautiful part of Georgia's Atlantic Coast.

On St. Simons Island they explored Fort Frederica ("the largest, most regular, and perhaps most costly" British fortification in North America, built to keep the land from both Spain and France), and spent the night at Epworth-by-the-Sea, the island's Methodist Center, formerly a plantation.

Both John and Charles Wesley worked on St. Simons Island, as did two other members of Oxford University's well-known Holy Club.

Christ Church Episcopal, established by John and Charles

'hen the youth of Trinity United Methodist Church, Memphis, say they are going to do something, e church's adults have good reason to believe them. Activities have included raising more than $11,000 r projects such as service programs, church bus, recreation room, and a 1969 trip to the Smokies. Last summer's etreat" took them to Georgia. They traveled by bus (above) and stopped at such historic places St. Simons Island (below) where both John and Charles Wesley lived and worked.



While in Atlanta, group members saw John Wesley's pulpit at an Emory University museum, visited 12th Gate Coffeehouse, and studied stained-glass windows at the Methodist center (above, left to right). There were unecclesiastical stops, too. At Six Flags Over Georgia (right), teens had a whooping-good time on a roller coaster that left TOGETHER's photographer a little weak-kneed.

Wesley in 1736, is within easy walking distance of Fort Frederica. Here the young people shared one of the most meaningful experiences of their trip—an evening Communion service.

"Going to the Wesleys' church made me feel closer to the people we had studied about than anything else on the trip," Lee Ellen Partin, a ninth-grader, found.

Savannah was the group's next stop. It was here that the Wesleys landed in February, 1736. They stayed together for a month, and then Charles went to Frederica. They had come to save the Indians. Instead they found themselves ministering to colonists. But legalistic Wesleyan piety was not what the colonists wanted, and they said so—to the extent even of hauling John into court for refusing to perform certain Baptisms and burials.

The brothers knew they were no longer welcome. Charles

left in five months, and in December, 1737, John sailed for England. Seemingly, they had done nothing for either the colonists or the Indians. John, particularly, was deeply grieved by the Georgian experience, yet it doubtlessly helped prepare him for May 24, 1738, when he would feel his heart "strangely warmed" at Aldersgate.

In Savannah, Trinity's youth visited Fort Pulaski where a marker commemorates the Wesleys' landing. Then they had a free day on Savannah's beaches before heading back to Memphis by way of Macon and Atlanta.

Long after the pains of traveling in an un-air-conditioned bus in the heat of the summer are forgotten, memories of looking at the Wesleys' America will remain with Trinity's young people. Some have new visions of what yesteryear was like. Others, like Chuck Comes, were impressed with how the spirit which the Wesleys engendered in early Methodism remains alive today.

"Atlanta was the highlight for me," says Chuck. "The most meaningful part of the trip was talking to the minister running 12th Gate Coffeehouse. The minister (and everyone I talked to there) had some very important and challenging things to say. That minister was a *real* United Methodist—serving everyone in need." —*Martha A. Lane*

Young people toured Fort Frederica, built on St. Simons Island by newly arrived English settlers in 1736. There was ample reason for fortifying the land—it was claimed by France and Spain, as well as Britain. At an evening service in Christ Church Episcopal (established by Wesley), group members kneel in worship, follow John Wesley's order for Communion.

How to Tell If You're a Father

By ARTHUR J. ROTH

A PHILOSOPHER friend of mine recently forwarded some totally unnecessary clues to finding out whether or not you're a father.

My friend says you're a father if, in the middle of the night, you don't take steps crossing the carpet but "skate" across with your wary outspread toes in firm contact with the floor. A father learns to walk that way, he says, after one experience of coming down, in bare feet, on a toy 1910 Ford.

He says that if you sometimes cry out in your sleep, "That's a no-no!" then yes-yes, you're a father.

If you have a drawer full of flashlight parts but no workable flashlight; if the top of your refrigerator is covered with objects you don't want anything to happen to; if your garage is full of $30 bicycles and your driveway is full of a $3,000 car; if you can never keep cellophane tape or felt markers around the house, then you're a father.

If the first thing you hear in the morning is, "Are you asleep?" and the second is the lid of the cookie jar, and the third is someone saying, "I'm gonna tell!" and the fourth is someone else crying—you're a father.

You're a father if you are continually being asked how many days it is to (1) Halloween, (2) Thanksgiving, (3) Christmas, and (4) a certain person's birthday.

You're a father if you get involved in conversations like, "If a dump truck full of turnips fell on me, would I get hurt?" and you answer, "If a dump truck full of anything fell on you, you'd get hurt," and the next question is, "How about soup?" then you're a father.

If, when you ask the boys what they want to be when they grow up, the four-year-old says, "An airplane," and the six-year-old says, "Winston Churchill," you're a father.

If you hear two people in the bathroom arguing about who gets to flush, then you're a father.

And if you're *not* a *father*—and all of the foregoing still applies to you—lady, you're a mother! □

Grand Forks Welcomes the Amigos

The parade, which kicks off Fiesta Day, begins in Grand Forks, N.Dak., then crosses the bridge to East Grand Forks, Minn. There are floats, bands, and a color guard from the Air Force base.

FOR MANY YEARS—at least 40 is one guess—Mexican-American migrants have come to Grand Forks, North Dakota, to hoe, thin, and harvest the Red River Valley's sugar beet crops. Their coming was as expected (and as taken for granted) by most people of the valley as the spring rains and the summer sun. Not so any more.

The change from indifference to anticipation of the Spanish-speaking workers' arrival began one day in December, 1968, during a "meeting of the minds" of three Grand Forks women, two of them ministers' wives.

"We discussed the fact that more than 10,000 migrants come to the valley every summer and yet we knew practically nothing about them," one recalls. "We knew there was a federally funded summer school in East Grand Forks (directly across the river, in Minnesota) for the children, and a few churches had an occasional special meeting which included them. But the average person in Grand Forks—including us—had no contact with them whatsoever unless he had a rummage sale in his garage. As a community Grand Forks did nothing to recognize the migrants or make them feel at home."

So the three women—Jean Mattson, Elaine Vig, and Jan Miller—set out to contact every group in town, from their own Presbyterian, Lutheran, and United Methodist congregations to the chamber of commerce. "This city welcomes bowlers, curlers, teachers, broadcasters, potato growers, and Legionnaires. Why can't we welcome the Mexican-Americans?" they asked everyone. The community answer was quick and enthusiastic. The next summer they *would* be welcomed.

Ideas came from all directions. A Roman Catholic priest who had worked many years among migrants suggested a "welcome day fiesta."

"I think we ought to have a parade," a school nurse suggested. "There's nothing like a parade!"

"How about a street dance?" asked an East Grand Forks resident, himself a former migrant. "My people all love music."

So it happened that on June 8, 1969, Grand Forks residents took to the street to celebrate the arrival of the Mexican-American workers. There was street dancing, a parade, Mexican food, a talent show, and balloons for all the children.

There were a few problems, too, that first year. Someone estimated that 200 chairs would seat everyone attending the auditorium talent show, especially since

Festival preparations keep everybody busy. Firemen hang welcome signs, horsemen curry their mounts for the parade, and Manuel Hernandez (above) puts finishing touches on a paper cactus before the Mexican-American Association float joins the parade line (below). Meanwhile, Mexican and Anglo women, working in a Lutheran church's kitchen (right), prepare tacos and other good things to eat.

Fiesta Day turned out also to be graduation day at the University of North Dakota. The committee optimistically insisted on 650 chairs. When closer to 1,000 guests showed up for the fun, committee members frantically hunted more chairs. The supply never did catch up to the demand.

Plans for the street dance came to a screeching halt when someone discovered that a North Dakota law forbids dancing on public property on Sundays. It was too late to change the fiesta date, so the dancing was done across the river, in more liberal Minnesota.

There were no other major problems—after inexperienced parade marshals changed the Girl Scouts' position from behind the horses to in front of them.

The 1969 event was an obvious success. As the man dispensing cotton candy at the street dance put it, "More goodwill was generated than by anything else that's happened in the last 20 years in Grand Forks."

Weeks after the fiesta, committee members were still hearing from individuals and groups wanting to know

From 6:30 to 11 p.m., the armory is the place to be. For many youngsters the highlight of the carnival-like evening is the fish-pond booth where wondrous prizes can be snagged by even the most inexperienced angler. Others (below) have their thoughts on food. A young "senorita" enjoys a Coke while a Grand Forks boy pensively samples what may be his first taste of authentic Mexican food.

During a variety program preceding the dance, a group from Grand Forks Air Force base demonstrates a traditional north-of-the-border square dance. Fiesta activities were designed to "recognize the migrants and the contribution they make to the community," explained Jean Mattson, a young Lutheran housewife who helped spark the first celebration through Church Women United and other groups. And one Mexican mother commented: "It's such a community thing. It's marvelous!"

more about the migrants. Day schools for Mexican-American children began to receive more attention and support. A twice-a-week sewing group was set up. More than a dozen women and girls attended the sessions, after working all day in the fields.

Community women donated materials and patterns, and shared their know-how; the school board lent sewing machines; a local retailer contributed remnants.

The 1970 fiesta generally followed the first year's plan, though this time the migrant people were not always on the receiving end of the activities. One of the most popular events last year, for example, was a cooking class, taught by two Mexican women. Grand Forks Anglos, many of Scandinavian descent, had the time of their lives learning to make *tacos, tamales, enchiladas,* and *chalupas* in the best Mexican tradition.

More important, while the *enchiladas* were in the oven, they had a chance to learn firsthand about their migrant neighbors' way of living—of starting out in the fields of Texas, moving on to Colorado, Arizona, California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, to the Red River Valley, and perhaps to Illinois or Wisconsin before heading south again. They heard someone say that things are better in North Dakota than in some other states, where housing and help for migrants are "almost nonexistent." They learned that migrants are paid $16.50 *per acre* for hoeing—which caused some whites to recall how their own backs ached after hoeing a little garden plot behind the house. They also learned that the wage for thinning sugar beets is $12.75 an acre, just 25¢ more than the 1955 rate; and that to raise laborer's wages more may force farmers to buy mechanized equipment to harvest the crops—and some of them wondered what would happen to their Spanish-speaking friends then.

The committee hopes that "the interest and understanding which has been initiated may someday enable our community to help to provide training and jobs for the migrants when mechanization does leave them jobless." But that is a future problem. This year—in just a few weeks, in fact—the migrants will be back. There is activity all over town as merchants, housewives, church and club groups, school bands, city officials, Scout troops, and everyone else in Grand Forks prepares once again to welcome the *amigos.* —*Martha A. Lane*

Grass-Roots Ecumenis

By PATRICIA HAINLINE

Oregon

"WE CAN go to Mass anytime we want, but we *have* to go on Sunday," said a fourth-grader from St. Paul's Roman Catholic Church.

"Yeah," added a boy from Our Saviour's Lutheran Church, "my folks make me go every Sunday, too."

"We have two services at our church," volunteered a young United Methodist.

"If you don't take Communion," continued the Lutheran, "you can go up anyway and the minister will put his hand on your head."

The children in a class at Westminster Presbyterian Church in Eugene, Oregon, were discussing the similarities and differences of their churches. Their teacher, a member at Wesley United Methodist Church, listened and encouraged.

Earlier, the class had joined fifth and sixth-graders for a worship service in the sanctuary. Father Paul Bedard of St. Paul's spoke to the children and read from the Bible. Mrs. Richard Haugen, a Lutheran, led the singing.

Meanwhile at nearby St. Thomas Episcopal Church, 96 three and four-year-olds from United Methodist, Lutheran, Presbyterian, Episcopal, and Roman Catholic churches sang *Jesus Loves Me*, listened to a Bible verse, then went to classrooms to continue their discoveries of God's children everywhere.

And at Wesley United Methodist Church, a Catholic nun was among teachers of kindergartners, first, second, and third-graders busily building shoe-box towns where they would play-act good or undesirable neighbor traits. Charles Willming, pastor of Westminster Presbyterian Church, visited each class, noting progress, and stopping now and then to chat with a student. Sister Elizabeth showed him some houses her first-graders were making out of drinking straws.

That evening Mr. Willming, Father Bedard, and the Rev. Luis Bove of Wesley United Methodist Church met with a group of junior-high students at St. Paul's Church. Some students brought musical instruments to launch the evening with folk singing and music.

So goes a day in the week-long Ecumenical Vacation Church School which people in the Willakenzie area of Eugene, Oreg., have held every June since 1969. Although primarily for children, this genuinely grass-roots ecumenical program has reaped a not unexpected harvest of understanding, co-operation, and joy among adults, too.

When a Methodist and a Catholic sit down to plan a lesson, using Lutheran material; when a Presbyterian minister and a Catholic priest share a worship service; when a Presbyterian layman takes time to work with a junior-high group at the Catholic church; when a Lutheran and an Episcopalian together plan refreshments for 350 children; then, as Father Bedard says, "You know something big is happening here." Father Bedard has been director of the school since its beginning.

In March, 1969, Mr. Bove, United Methodist, and the Rev. Robert Kugler, of Our Saviour's Lutheran Church, during a casual conversation had bemoaned the fact that so much was said of ecumenism but little was being done about it. They also discussed the summer Bible-school situation—the discouragingly poor attendance and difficulties in finding teachers. Mr. Bove threw out the idea of an ecumenical vacation church school. Mr. Kugler was immediately receptive and a meeting of ministers and representatives from churches in the area was called. Lutheran, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Roman Catholic leaders all liked the proposal. They took it to their congregations and all agreed to support an ecumenical vacation church school.

A steering committee was formed, a curriculum committee began studying educational material published by the various churches, and a recruiting committee began contacting prospective teachers.

There was obvious tension in the 1969 organizational meetings. All were aware that something unusual and important was happening. They wanted desperately to prove that Catholics and Protestants could work together in a religious atmosphere without bickering and disagreement. Hesitancy in defining the school's goals and in selecting educational materials was not because of differences in ideas but because of the fear of offending. Everyone was overly polite, like two ladies entering the same doorway. "You go first." "No, dear, you first." "I insist—you first!"

Surprisingly, considering the difficulties of past teacher recruitments by the individual churches, finding teachers for this ecumenical venture was easy. Excited at the prospect of teaching with people of other churches, those contacted immediately agreed to teach. Many others volunteered their services.

When the refreshment committee asked for volunteers to bake cookies for each day of the season and to work in the kitchens, they were inundated with offers to help.

Meanwhile, the curriculum committee sifted through mountains of educational material, ultimately deciding on Lutheran curriculum for children through the sixth grade and United Methodist material for the older students.

Educational and audio-visual materials were ordered, arrived just in time, and the school began the week after public school was dismissed for the summer.

To those involved, one important aspect of the school has been the growth of understanding and appreciation between Roman Catholics and Protestants.

When teachers first met to inspect their material and plan classes, there was an initial shyness between the two groups. For some Protestants this was their first contact with a nun or priest, and they were not sure how to address them, or even how to talk to them!

Father Bedard admits he was formerly as in awe of Protestant ministers as they are of Catholic priests. The Protestant's knowledge of the Bible impresses him. "They can quote a verse and tell you, without hunting it up, where it can be found." And where Catholics have formulated prayers and prayers for all occasions, Father Bedard admires the Protestant ministers' abilities to pray spontaneously. He now feels as natural in a Protestant church as with a Catholic congregation. Protestants admire the Catholics' organizational abilities, and the strength of

support they lend to something that is important to them.

Protestants are also impressed with the Catholics' determination to enroll their children in the school. A reluctant Protestant child might successfully persuade his parents not to send him, but a reluctant Catholic child seldom has such luck! During the first year, 40 percent of the 186 families registered from all churches were Catholic. Whereas attendance was about equally divided among the churches up to fifth grade, attendance of Protestants dropped sharply at grade five while that of the Catholics did not.

Children do like the school, however. Even the reluctant ones go eagerly after the first day, returning home with excited reports of murals, collages, and dioramas. They recite Bible verses they have learned and sing new songs.

One five-year-old came in for dinner, face aglow, and announced, "I been prayering. I said 'hello' to God, and prayered, then waved good-bye."

A Roman Catholic girl attended classes in the Presbyterian church and, after a week filled with artwork, Bible study, recreation, punch and cookies, she enthusiastically suggested to her mother, "Why don't we join the Presbyterian church?" The mother, who had been following the week's activities closely, reminded her daughter that people are different in many ways—skin color, nationality, religion—but that God loves everyone. The family remains loyal to their church, but they have a whole new circle of Presbyterian—and other Protestant—friends.

With a year to plan sessions now, instead of the three months they had in 1969, planners have developed an increasingly stronger program. And enrollment has increased. Some 325 youngsters were involved in 1969. This summer's session may reach 400. Protestants have become accustomed to working with Catholics, Methodists with Lutherans, Episcopalians with Presbyterians. Teachers, now accustomed to the idea of ecumenism, are sure of themselves and of their materials.

"After all," says one enthusiastic teacher, "we are all working for the same goal—a feeling of God and neighbor, that we are all God's children."

"The Bible is for all people, of all nations, at all times, and children should realize this," another teacher adds.

Still another, a Catholic, says simply, "Ecumenism is being good neighbors. The kids accept it as though it has always been. Adults are more impressed."

The most frequent question asked by outsiders is, "Is your school Bible-oriented?" Mr. Willming's reaction to this is that "Bible-oriented" is a catch-all phrase susceptible to different interpretations, that the greatest frustration is the limited amount of time available for the wealth of materials to be presented.

One teacher, when asked how much emphasis is put on the Bible, comments, "Our material allows us to use as much of the Bible as we wish. We have so many resources to help us understand the Bible and relate it to the present that just because we do not spend all our time actually reading the Bible does not mean we are not learning from it."

For example, a sixth-grade class spent one morning comparing three versions of the good Samaritan—the biblical text, one in which sixth-graders were the principal characters, and one in "mod" English (God is for real, man).

A junior-high class used the Bible to discuss Jesus, his humanity, his divinity. Mr. Willming marvels over the interest of the class, which ranged in size from 15 to 21 students. "We wrestled with questions of who Christ was, the relatedness of his divine and human natures. These students came because they wanted to, not because their parents insisted. Some even checked out books on church history from the library and reported back to the class." A fourth-grade class read in the Bible of Philip and the Ethiopian, then examined their own attitudes toward people of other races, and discussed what they thought God's attitude is about different races.

Later, the children played a game in which the whole group decided the rewards and penalties for each move. A boy drew a card which stated, "A family with skin of another color has moved next door to you. Your family has decided to move." For other situations the class had been giving penalties of one or two spaces back, but now they shouted, almost in unison, "Ten spaces back!"

Children *are* learning, from the Bible, from filmstrips, artwork, discussion, music. Older students are discovering that their churches have much in common and that people of different churches can work and study together. "We have emphasized our differences for too long," says Father Bedard, "and it is time we began exploring ways in which we are alike."

Mr. Bove agrees, pointing out that material selected for the Ecumenical Vacation Church School (EVCS) stresses basic tenets of faith, not sectarian dogmas: "Christ is God; do good; avoid evil—that is Christianity."

"Younger children will grow up with ecumenism and will not have many of the prejudices of today's adults," Father Bedard believes. "The kids in the EVCS identified each other more by which schools they attended than by their churches."

So from age three to junior-high school, Eugene's children can learn about God and Christian love in an ecumenical atmosphere. Culminating their study of "Neighbors," fifth and sixth-graders visited a nearby home for the aged and sang some of the songs they had learned. The boys and girls were amazed at the advanced ages of these people, and for the first time many of them realized that there are people outside their immediate circles who need friendship and recognition. One girl mentioned a 102-year-old lady who had donned all her finery for the event—even her Christmas corsage. And a boy told of his conversation with another centenarian who had been confined to a wheelchair all her life. "Just imagine," said this active sixth-grader, "one hundred years in a wheelchair!" Before leaving, the children gave each resident a "neighbor" card which fourth-graders had made.

Another fourth-grade class also decided to end its study of "neighbors" by being good neighbors. Banners proclaiming, "Love Our Neighbors as Ourselves" and "Be Good to Your Neighbors," were decorated. Two representatives were chosen to present the banners to Mr. Willming and Father Bedard in appreciation for their help and presence at the school during the week.

One boy spoke eloquently of his experience during the session, and how he had come to appreciate the word "neighbor." His final remark: "If we didn't have the summer Bible school, we wouldn't know what to do with ourselves!"

He may never realize how much he said. □

Your Faith

Christians seeking truth always have questions about their faith, and Iowa Bishop James S. Thomas discusses some of them each month on this page. Send yours to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.

Shouldn't modern Christians relax their rigid moral standards?

✣ This question comes after most modern Christians already have relaxed their moral standards. Nevertheless, there is an important point to the question. Christians have made mistakes by being rigidly "moral" in small concerns and blind toward large, human injustices. Pietistic religion and human exploitation can exist in the same community.

The real question is, What is the source of Christian moral standards? A Christian's main concern should be the deep inner springs from which behavior flows. "But the Spirit produces love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, humility, and self-control. There is no law against such things as these." (Galatians 5:22-23, Good News for Modern Man.)

There is no neat file for "moral standards." Instead of relaxing, the modern Christian must deepen and cleanse the source of his morals. This is an age of permissiveness, an age of rampant drug use, violent war, cruel structures of society, a new hedonism, and fashionable paganism. Modern man does not have a chance of dealing with these evils with a relaxed and casual approach.

What is the significance of liturgy?

✣ Liturgy is an ordered expression of the life and belief within the church. In a strict sense, it refers to the Eucharistic service, which is a continuation of the Lord's Supper instituted by Jesus himself. More broadly, liturgy refers to any form of worship that conforms to a meaningful pattern. Usually, this involves careful consideration of the Christian Year, the historic creeds, and the Sacraments.

In Protestant churches, we have commonly spoken of "high church" and "low church." By "high church" we usually mean a tightly organized form of worship that leaves little room for exceptions in content or sequence. "Low church" refers to a more flexible and sometimes spontaneous approach to worship.

If religion is a good thing, why do liberal Christians criticize it?

✣ The real question is not whether religion is good or bad. Religion is a general term that says very little about quality of life. It applies to any set of beliefs which one holds in highest respect and around which he orders his life. One can be religious and still believe in human sacrifice, astrology, or the highest culture values.

Faith in Jesus Christ, on the other hand, is quite a different matter. Faith is placed in a person, not in laws or rules. Faith is the way which Jesus taught. Faith is obedience to the God who is revealed in Jesus Christ. Once a person is gripped by such faith, he sees that all human systems —governments and religions included— are under the judgment of Christ. The New Testament has little to say about religion. It does say a great deal about faith, love, and service.

Power for Life's Dailiness

By J. KARL JONES
Pastor, Epworth United Methodist Church
Wichita, Kansas

STOP A PERSON on the street at random. In honest conversation, discover the battles he is fighting, the trials and dangers he is facing, the terrifying concerns of his heart and life. You will be reminded, all over again, that life *is* incredibly difficult!

Even with all the time-saving, labor-saving devices, techniques, and methods used in business and in the home, even with machines and methods which supposedly add to life's depth and richness, we still find life difficult.

We do not spend much time and energy obtaining food. We can with relative ease provide shelter, clothing, and the basic material needs for ourselves and our families. We are nevertheless caught by an almost overwhelming feeling of powerlessness and apprehension before life's daily acts and experiences.

Situations cry out for meaningful, effective resources by which to move, mold, and motivate life in new and better directions.

At the very time when it should avail us as a rich, useful spiritual resource, prayer is unreal for most of us. We see it as an outmoded instrument of a long-vanished piety. We feel that we live in a world in which prayer is impossible in the light of scientific knowledge and understanding. We even doubt the possible existence of God, to whom we can pray. Or else we feel that our tarnished lives make us unworthy of earnest, effective prayer.

But the underlying problem for too many of us is that life—difficult, confused, twisted as it is—must not be laid bare to God lest it be found empty of meaning, value, or purpose which will last. We seek to put God to death because we don't want to have anyone see or know us as we really are, or as we really aren't.

Words of a psalmist remind us that we cannot do this:

"Whither shall I go from thy Spirit?
Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?
If I ascend to heaven, thou art there!
If I make my bed in Sheol, thou art there!
If I take the wings of the morning and dwell
in the uttermost parts of the sea,
even there thy hand shall lead me, and thy
right hand shall hold me." (Psalms 139:7-10.)

We dutifully read words like these as an assuring statement of faith. But deep within, in our hollow place, we resent not being able to hide, to escape, to avoid the confrontation which will lead to judgment of the quality of our living. We *want* to make our bed in hell—unseen, unchallenged, and unjudged.

True living involves relatedness. We try to live as persons, or as a society, disassociated from one another. Yet even our space explorations underscore the fact of our interrelatedness. We are *one* people, involved with life in *one* world, subject to right and wrong judgments and attitudes toward the life of all others. Ultimately, our destiny is a common destiny. We are brothers, even if this is unacknowledged.

nd prayer is the most intimate technique of a true tionship to God and to others and their needs. Within context of the Sermon on the Mount, which gives ructions about life's relationships and responsibilities, s teaches clearly and definitely about prayer, as a nal, natural part of life's daily, active relationships. He , *"When* you pray, . . ." not *"If* you pray, . . ."

sus took prayer for granted as a regular, necessary, retentious part of daily life, for anyone truly seeking now and live by the will of God. For prayer is co-ration with God in his creative activity in his world in the lives of persons. Prayer is good, hard thinking ut life, its resources, and its relationships. Prayer is ing life in loving concern. Prayer is a lifelong, whole-on response to divine reality. Defined, understood, experienced like that, prayer can provide power daily living.

ayer is a probe of life. Rather than being an artificial ective barrier, erected between us and life, prayer is ource with the power to put us truly in touch with life is: its worst and best, its failures and successes, its s and its answers. Samuel H. Miller in *The Great ities* (New York: Harper Brothers, 1955) said:

Ve pray because we are desperate and know there o help except in God, no hope except in grace, no dom except in faith; we pray because we want to a, however poorly we may do it. We are surrounded ll sides by a world that no longer answers to our rol, and we are filled with confusions and darknesses ur own making. We know that we are infected with diseases that rack the body of our world. We are rest-s: fleeing from some unknown guilt which we will not t; we are anxious, unable to confess our fear but ding what may happen, or even what may not en; we are without peace because we do not know to give up, and we are without joy because we ie to suffer. We live in the crowd but we are lonely; manners are suave but our hearts are violent. We av no contentment, and will have none till we have more of the world, and found God."

Prayer measures all life—from its true center outward, r than from its surface events and situations inward. ord, be merciful to me, a sinner," is a great prayer. become aware of my own needs, faults, short-ngs, and sins—and of the renewing resources of for help—I also begin to understand the burdens s bear. I sense their need for reassuring hope and ving example in daily experience. I know that others av burdens, too, and that we have met the Burden ear and need not struggle alone. Here is the well-iz of renewing power to overcome a despairing con-tin and find hope, even in the midst of hopeless life tu ions

Prayer is a perspective for problems. Rather than being n escape from life's reality and wretchedness, true prayer rovides a perspective for seeing and meeting our prob-em as whole persons, armed with resources for the ee of the hour. Prayer is not always a way out, no at r what my trial, temptation, or difficulty. Sometimes ray r is only a way *on*—through the dark places, the iffi lt times, the trying circumstances, the tangled relationships. But it is a way, and we can follow that way even if no guaranteed, ready-made answers are forthcoming.

Prayer is not some foreign, unnatural means of communication which is dragged in and forced on the soul. It is a natural, normal technique which can be sharpened and deepened in order to more accurately tune and calibrate life to the mind of its Maker. Prayer lengthens our perspective to include God's viewpoint and sets life by God's timetable, rather than by limiting its action and activity to our own.

Prayer is the lifelong, whole-person *response* to divine Reality. And from that response comes new, healing perspective for the problems and anxieties we are called to face each day. Jesus' Gethsemane prayer is the crux or prayer in the Bible. It was a prayer of surrender—not to some overlord or conqueror or tyrant, but in surrender to a Father in love with his child. Life's problems appear in a different perspective when seen through such a relationship of shared love.

Prayer is a promise of love. It is a treatment for the illness of hatred. So much of life in our day and society is based on mistrust and hatred—of blacks, people on welfare, the unskilled, the unemployed, Communists, those who look and act different, the protestor, the "square." Yet, no society or individual motivated solely by hatred and mistrust ever lasted or truly lived.

Love is the norm of sanity and health, and prayer can assist in developing the art of loving. Prayer enables us to probe our own lives, see our own faults, and then develop understanding and compassion for others in their failures. Prayer, in daily life and relationships, gives us the promise of love, assurance of purpose, and meaning to live. It makes us purpose-centered in what we are, and in whose we are.

"Whoever loves is a child of God and knows God. . . . This is how God showed his love for us: he sent his only Son into the world that we might have life through him. This is what love is: It is not that we have loved God, but that he loved us and sent his Son to be the means by which our sins are forgiven." (1 John 4:7*b*, 9-10, Good News for Modern Man.)

Our petitions must be only for those things we ourselves are willing to work to accomplish. Do not pray for your church to move out into areas of human need, in ministry and service, unless you are ready and willing to move out into areas of human need, in ministry and service, in love! God is looking for listeners, not talkers. The answers to your prayers are before you—hidden by almighty God like jewels in the rock. They are to be dug, mined, cut, shaped, and polished on the workbench of daily living, using the tools of tragedy, defeat, work, disappointment, joy, and the eternal pattern of hope and love which God has provided through his Son.

Prayer is co-operation with God in his creative activity in his world and in the lives of persons.

Prayer is good, hard thinking about life, its resources, and its relationships.

Prayer is the sharing of life in loving concern.

Prayer is a lifelong, whole-person response to divine Reality.

From prayer, defined, understood, and experienced like this, can come power for daily living. □

Letters

QUEER COVER PICTURE DELAYED HIS READING

I would like to share a few reactions to the April issue.

First, the cover picture really turned me off, and my wife's reaction was the same. To enlarge this small portion from a large woodcut is like lifting a verse out of context in the Bible. Why didn't you use the whole picture of Mr. Berquin's *Passion* as it appears on page 43? The whole picture is a wonderful study and to have parts of it enlarged inside the magazine would have been more appealing.

Doesn't it make sense that a beautiful cover, appealing to all people like the pictures of the *Garden of the Bible* [pages 23-26] would give readers more of a desire to enjoy what is inside? With this queer cover I felt the contents inside must be queer too, and did not read the contents for a week.

When I did finally open the cover, I found the contents excellent. The articles *What Is It Like to Be Black?* [page 8] and *Our Son Ran Away* [page 31] were especially worthwhile.

SAMUEL J. HAHN, *Pastor*
United Methodist Church of Dumont
Dumont, Iowa

NOW A STORY ON GROWING UP WITHOUT DRUGS, RUNNING AWAY

Responding to *Our Son Ran Away*, I would say now we need an exciting story about an ex-teen-ager who has successfully made the transition from teen to adult without having tried drugs or having run away from home. We can't overdo accentuating the positive in giving guidelines and hints about how to make this transition.

A teen lacking a background of years in a Christian home, picking up the April issue and reading how young Evans "got away with it" (and wasn't it exciting?) does not have a basis for comparing.

The piece on David Frost helps [page 58], but he's a P.K. We have the *Teens* department to write to, and *Together*'s personality sketches, but take another look at the drawing with Chaplain Evans's story on page 31 and tell me with conviction that it isn't much more desirable to be free from parental authority to live one's own life.

Whatever positive suggestions there are will have to be presented in a very exciting way. I think we'd better connect rather quickly with some young adults who have remained home and have avoided drugs to ask them to speak up and write their stories. This kind of writing can't afford to be boring because it's got to have strong pull. We can certainly use all the encouragement we can get, especially from "our" magazine.

MRS. JOHN LEIGHTON PORCHER
San Diego, Calif.

LOVING, ACCEPTING OTHERS OUR MOST IMPORTANT TASK

Thank you for publishing J. Claude Evans's article, *Our Son Ran Away* [April, page 31]. It has done my soul good.

I am only two years from retirement, therefore a really old man where teen-agers are concerned, but I hope I am approachable and open and can accept them as they are.

It seems to me that loving and accepting others just as they are is the most important thing we can do. Approve, no; accept, yes. After all, our Heavenly Father loves and accepts us just as we are. As He and his Son do, so should we.

HENRY B. LEWIS, *Pastor*
Mount Olivet United Methodist Church
Manteo, N.C.

AUTHOR'S SHARING APPRECIATED

I am grateful for J. Claude Evans's story in the April issue of *Together*. He and his son John have shared themselves with a host of us. As I read the article, I felt like taking my shoes off because I was on holy ground.

WALLACE H. KIRBY, *Pastor*
Hay Street United Methodist Church
Fayetteville, N.C.

SIX, NOT FIVE, AMONG 'MOST IMPORTANT WOMEN'

In *United Methodists in the New* [March, page 20] you mentione that five of "America's 75 Most Important Women," named by *Lad Home Journal* are United Methodis May I add the fact that the very first woman mentioned in the Jan *Journal* article, Dr. Virginia Apgar, is an active member of Tenafly Uni Methodist Church, Tenafly, N.J.

Dr. Apgar has had two distinguished careers. For many ye she taught anesthesiology at the school of medicine connected wit Presbyterian Hospital in New York. She holds license number six as a licensed anesthesiologist.

During her years of teaching she followed a hobby of studyin birth defects at Baby's Hospital in New York and finally took a ye for further research at Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, comi then to the work she is doing no as vice-president of the National Foundation.

She is a wonderful person.

HUGH J. McNELLY, *Pa*
United Methodist Chu
of Bloomingd
Bloomingdale, I

Our thanks to Mr. McNelly and apologies to Dr. Apgar for our o sight. Longtime Together readers r recall that Dr. Apgar was featurec our Unusual Methodists departm (now People) in July, 1961.

—Your Edi

NO ONE MAN CAN TELL 'WHA' IT IS LIKE TO BE BLACK'

I am unmistakably a black man I was born in 1896 in the red-cla hills of Mississippi and have spent most of my life here in this state. Permit me to say that in *Together*'s April issue James M. Rogers, Jr., only told how he rec to treatment and attitudes he mee He did not tell "what it is like to be black."

Mr. Rogers said: "To be black is to have a feeling of being completely helpless in a situation one didn't create. To feel complet helpless and hopeless makes one

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self-respect. . . . At times one
es the conclusion that it is
worth the bother to continue to
t would be so much easier to
up—to go on welfare and let
body else take care of you. . . ."
all the pessimistic views I
ever read, that statement from
ogers is the most debasing!
nk my God that I have never
d any such dismal gloom in
f my hardships.
Te black man is simply a human
ij, nothing more, nothing less!
e is no way for him to feel
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you should line up a group of
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c people do not feel with color,
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n individual way. Mr. Rogers
es a number of low-voltage
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iians, who treat the black man
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ogers doesn't seem to know
tlacks are as skilled in the art
ating every sin he enumerates
one another as the white man is.
F any single black man to
ept to tell "how it feels to be
c' is an impossible task.
eligs vary with individuals and
t cording to color. Mr. Rogers
s one a great disservice to
lack race in this article.
EE J. JIMERSON, *Retired Minister*
Meridian, Miss.

AL FOR SPIRITUAL REVIVAL

Th article Where We Are in
anelism [April, page 13] was
y nteresting to me. The United
thdist Church needs more of
d-time revivals instead of
in so much to the modern side.
orship is too much of a formality.
hy not go back to the John
esy type of religion?
Wo will have to answer for
recious souls lost by the
eaning in most United Methodist
urches? How many give the
ar all any more? If there ever
s time for back-to-God spiritual
iv s, it surely is now.
ROBERT TYSINGER, SR.
Duncan Falls, Ohio

APRIL VIEWPOINT AN EXCEPTION

Although I have subscribed to *Together* for some time, I have found it most difficult to subscribe to the editors' *Viewpoints* as well as to many of the articles published. However, the April issue is an exception. [See *Recession or Resurrection?* page 22.] May the church once again realize that personal salvation is the key that unlocks the door to our brother's needs.

NED W. SHAW
Bristol, Tenn.

CHRISTIANS MUST TRY FOR DUAL MINISTRIES

May I commend you on the content of recent issues, especially April? In nearly all the articles there is an open attempt to keep in balance the duality of the gospel —spiritual and social action.

Frankly, I have been concerned in past years over the seeming trend in The United Methodist Church toward too much social activism and too little spiritual enrichment. Extremes on either side are incomplete, as capably stated in your Viewpoint *Recession or Resurrection?*

As Christians we must balance ourselves with a basic spiritual development personally and then we will find ourselves ready and able to go out beyond the church walls and minister both physically and spiritually to all mankind. For too long all churches have failed in this dual ministry. We have emphasized one or the other, rarely both. We cannot feed our fellowman and neglect his spiritual state, nor can we pray over him and let him starve. We must do both.

MRS. DAVID S. DAYTON, JR.
Camden, Ohio

'TIME FOR A RETURN'

Thank you for your April editorial.

For the first time in years a United Methodist publication returns to the gospel and the church as an agency of proclaiming it. So much talk of renewal, restructure,

Best Laid Plans

reevaluation, restudy, and so on. It is time for a return.

ELMER N. HASSELL, *Pastor*
Crossman United Methodist Church
Falls Church, Va.

BEHIND HIS STEWARDSHIP: CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE

It was a joy reading the story of *Wisconsin Agriculture's Chief Steward* in the April issue of *Together* [page 34]. I have known Don Wilkinson over the past 10 years as a dedicated professional agricultural administrator. Reading of his lay Christian experiences revealed even more the reasons for his enthusiastic agricultural stewardship.

JOHN W. EARLY, *Director*
Agricultural Planning, Evaluation, and Research
Department of Agriculture
Harrisburg, Pa.

APRIL FEATURES HELP AGAINST ADVERSE PUBLICITY

We here in southern Wisconsin have been especially impressed with your April issue. The article on *Wisconsin Agriculture's Chief Steward*, Don Wilkinson, and his family, and also the Open Pulpit, *My Redeemer Lives!* [page 48] by J. Ellsworth Kalas, pastor of First United Methodist Church in Madison, will help the rest of the nation realize there are many folks in our state's capital city besides the drug addicts, rioters, and all those who have given us such adverse publicity in the past.

I am always glad when I can hear Dr. Kalas speak because he never fails to bring an inspiring message. And I know also that the praise of the Wilkinson family is well placed. I am acquainted with Mrs. Wilkinson through Women's Society work. Thank you for including these two excellent articles in *Together*.

MRS. R. BOYD ATKINSON
Albany, Wis.

MINISTRY MEANS SCHOLARSHIP, NOT USE OF SHORTCUTS

The advertisement on the back page of the April issue made me shiver. It obviously purports to be a pastor's study. Included among the books displayed is a copy of the *Reader's Digest Condensed Books*.

Cease and desist, fellows. Any pastor worth his salt abhors the use of shortcuts, the *Reader's Digest* in particular. Ministry means scholarship, not absorbing someone else's slanted evaluations. This picture suggests that pastors rely on second-rate material. It further suggests that this publication is to be commended to laymen. A little more discretion, please.

DAVID M. CAMPBELL, *Pastor*
The United Methodist Church
Bolton, Conn.

MARGARET MEAD'S CRITICISM BRUSHED OFF TOO LIGHTLY

In the April issue of *Together* Dr. Margaret Mead is quoted and then rebutted for her observations in order to win praise for the United Methodist Council on Youth Ministries (UMCYM). [See *Margaret Mead Says Youth Build Mishmash*, April, page 19.]

A criticism (a prophetic, anthropological observation) of Dr. Mead should not be brushed off so lightly. Indeed, the rebuttal only lent credence to her findings.

I would like to say thank you, Dr. Mead, for the imbalance you have observed in youth culture. And I would also say, thank you, proprietors of the UMCYM for your diligence and commitment to your stewardship. Your decision to support needed projects over financing further bureaucratic institutionalization is something we can all emulate.

MALCOLM E. LARKIN
Huntsville, Ala.

HERALD WAS INVOLVED, TOO

I'm sorry you did not include the *United Church Herald* in your recognition of the Interchurch Feature on *Topeka's Doorstep* [April, page 2]. This was a United Church of Christ-originated project.

ANDREW K. CRAIG
Kansas-Oklahoma Conference
United Church of Christ
Wichita, Kans.

We regret that we failed to list United Church Herald *as one of the* **Interchurch Features** *magazines carrying the article. However, development of the story was a co-operative venture between Presbyterian Life, which provided the James W. Hoffman, and Together which contributed the service of photographer George P. Miller.*

—Your Editors

CHRISTIANS HAVE PEACE SIGN: THE CROSS OF CHRIST

Why the controversy among Christians about using the broken cross or so-called peace sign? [See *Letters*, April, page 52.]

We Christians have our symbol of peace—the cross of Christ! For me and my children there shall never be any other which shall give to us the promise of redemptive love and peace offered by the King of Peace! We need no other because it is the one symbol that cannot be misinterpreted. Christ is the only and only unrefuted peacemaker.

MRS. LYLE L. LELAND
Las Vegas, Nev.

APPRECIATED IN CANADA

I am a member of the United Church of Canada (Methodists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists united since 1925) and have been receiving *Together* since 1967. I have found it to be a very inspirational magazine. I enjoy reading every copy and sharing with others including our pastor who joins me in saying the March issue was a masterpiece. Congratulations, American friends, for your lovely magazine.

ALMA FANJOY
Sussex, New Brunswick, Canada

'INFORMATIVE, EXCITING'

As a college student, I would like to thank you for an informative and exciting magazine. *Together* helps me in my individual spiritual growth and in my involvement with the world and its problems. Keep up the good work!

JOHN D. MITCHELL
Florence, S.C.

I regret to Announce ..My Wife is about to Leave me Agin!

Dear Editur:

I regret to anounce publickly that my wife is about to leave me agin. She plans to take our boy Little Willie, too, so if any of you up their on the TOGETHER wood like to come down hear to Elsewhere to visit me on your vacation you are more than welcome as I am going to be a very Lonesum man in June.

Now dont git me rong, Mr. Editur. Abby and Little Willie leave me ever June and are gone for 2 wks. to visit our growed up sons and dauters who live a long ways from hear.

This dont make it no easier on me however as I have to stay around the place to care for the stock, milk the cow, gaither the eggs, and keep our dog, old Storm Cloud, out of truble, all of which dont take much time but must be did ever day.

Last year was about the worst 2 wks. I ever put in with Abby and Little Willie gone but it shure isnt her falt that I don't know what do with myself around the house.

Like when they left me last year. Abby was in the parler putting on her gloves, snappin and unsnappin her purse while lookin around to see that everthing was in place.

"Hegbert," she said, "I have cooked you up a pot of them big northern beans of which you are so fond. I left a big ham in the ice box. I have vinigered you up a qt. of beats, churned you 2 lbs of butter, and covered 5 big fresh baked loafs of homemade bred with that clean cloth in the pantry. If you open you a jar of whipperwill peas, tomaters and kraut I dont think you will starve."

"Everthing will be just fine," I said altho from xperience I knew it woodnt. "I will now drive you and Little Willie into the county seat to catch your buss," which I did.

When the buss was departed and out of site I went over to Tootys Barbar Shoppe, and Tooty said: "Well, hear cums the old hermit and financial wizard from the Elsewhere hills for his anual hare cut," altho Tooty knows I cum in 4 or 5 times a year and pay him bank robber prices of $1.75 each time which shure adds up to a lot for hare cuts.

"My, Hegbert," Tooty said, "Are you gitting gray or has it snowed all over your holy temples? How old are you anyway, about 90?" altho Tooty knows I am 1 year older than him whom is only 59.

From their I went into Bobs restrant around 9:30 a.m. for a bite to eat altho I wasnt very hungry, just wanted cumpany.

"Well," said Bob, "Either the world is about to cum to a end or your wife has left you agin. What will it be this time, Hegbert?"

"If you have stopt being so stingy with your crackers," I retorted, "I will take a big bowl of that chilly and foller it up with the beef stew, with plenty of lite bred and butter and dont you make no cracks about me being holler from the top of my hed to the tips of my ingroan toenails."

"I aint goin to say nothing, Hegbert, but do you mind if I just stand hear and watch with my mouth wide open in wonder so I can tell my childrun what is new in Brekfast Food?" and we both laffed.

Everbody was busy in Hunts dept. store, and at the Rock City Weekly Clarion for which I am the correspt. who writes the 'Hear and There About Elsewhere' items and am rewarded with a free anual suscription. So I dropt into the Snyder Bros. furniture store and seen Carl and Ralph Snyder whom was 2 of my boyhood friends.

"We are glad to see that you are able to be in town this morning despite your advanced age," said Ralph. "We have watched the silver threds race thru your ravin locks, what few is left, and Carl and me has become concerned about your cumfort during your old age and have saved for you a wonderful peace of furniture."

He set me down in a big rockin chair, pitchers of which you have run of me in your the TOGETHER, Mr. Editur, and have received numerus inquaries about, like "Where did Mr. Clutter git that chair?" and "I wisht I had me a old rockin chair like that in the pitcher in the April issue."

Well, you can tell your readers, Mr. Editur, that the chair was gave to me by the Snyder Bros.

"Hegbert," Carl said, "we apreciate all the free adv. you have bin giving us in the Clarion like 2 wks. ago you wrote that 'Felix and Emmy Goosenberry has fancied up their parler with a luxerous new couch purchased in Rock City from my Friends the Snyder Bros.' and many other items like that which the Clarion editur says he wont cut out as long as we buy our reglar 1/2 page adv. in his paper. Also, Hegbert, we wanted to xpress our

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apreciation for any business you can throw our way from the Elsewhere U.M. church of which you are treasurer, lay leader and member of the bord of trusties, altho of coarse we do not handle pulpitts."

I told the Snyder Bros. that almost all our church furniture comes from the Cokesberry div. of the Meth. Pub. House which has everthing you can think of xcept maybe rugs.

After I tied my free chair on the car top, I went and stood on my favvorite corner for a hour or two. Sense it was a Mon. insted of a Sat. nobody even stopt to talk to me xcept Lawyer Chas. Silvester who ast: "Hey, Hegbert, are you lost?" and I replied no, but I was.

Then I drove on home, done the chores, and went up stares and thru all the empty rooms where our kids had grew up and wondered where Abby and Little Willie was and if they was having a good time. But I will spair you the grewsome details of the next 2 wks, as intended, sense I am about to run out of paper. Most of the time I just set in my rockin chair, read some joke books but didnt laff much, went fishing on Clear Crick and caught a lot but throwed them back in, and walked back and 4th in our empty house.

I bet I stopt a hundert times in front of Abbys dresser mirrer and counted the hares on my hed which everybody said was turned silver or gray, but didnt find too many altho a lot more than in the wedding pitcher of me and Abby which is rite their on the dresser by the mirrer. Also I looked at all the pitchers of our boys in ther basketbawl suits and with their 4-H awards and the girls in their graduation gowns and with their school penants and it shure was quiet in our house Mr. Editur.

So if any of you folks up their want to come down hear June 4 to 18 I have plenty of room and it wont cost you 1¢. The fishing is the best I ever seen, the swim hole on Clear Crick is brimmin full, and the garden is runnin wild with fresh nurshing vegetables. Also you can rock in my Snyder Bros. chair which is good for you if you have tenshuns.

Ast them, Mr. Editur, if some of them up their wood like to cum down hear and keep me cumpany in June. Tell them I said please.

Lonesumly yours,
H. Clutter

TV & Films

IN ALL the furor over the CBS documentary *The Selling of the Pentagon,* one indictment has gone largely unnoticed: Vice-President Agnew's remark, in substance, that the public could not trust the news it receives via the tube from network news organizations. That a charge of this magnitude should pass with hardly a ripple is incredible. Surveys show that Americans increasingly turn to television as their prime news source and that they place great credence on it. If it cannot be trusted and evidence of this is not made available to the American people, then we are truly in trouble. For how can we maintain a democracy based upon the consent of the governed if we are receiving distorted, erroneous, or fabricated information?

Fair and comprehensive news reporting is important to all of us and to our future. It is imperative that we have accurate information in order that we as free people in a free society can respond appropriately.

In considering the Vice-President's statement, I have tried to understand what he was really saying. Four possibilities occur to me.

1. The Vice-President meant what he said. If he is correct, we are in a crisis situation, being unable to trust what we view and hear on television news.

2. Mr. Agnew did not like to have the magnitude of the Pentagon's public-relations activities revealed to the American public. In which case, judgment of television journalistic veracity may be said to depend upon whose sacred cow is being gored.

3. Or Mr. Agnew may have seen some serious deficiencies either in the program in question or in television news in general. Greater language precision on his part spelling out the nature of such deficiencies could contribute to a healthy national dialogue.

4. This was simply an irresponsible attack growing out of an emotional reaction to a program which did not meet with the Vice-President's (or administration's) favor.

In the final analysis, it is up to you and me to decide what we think of the Vice-President's serious charge. Here are some of my thoughts:

Before any news organization can present an accurate, objective report of any event, there are barriers to be overcome. Among them are: (1) *The perspective problem.* How anyone views a particular event depends upon the perspective from which it is viewed. It is impossible for even a large news organization to surround any event as to cover all perspectives. And even when 200 more observers view an event from the same perspective, there is always (2) *the witness problem.* That a number of people can experience the same event, and yet in a court of law give conflicting testimony, is a well-known fact. (3) *The particular complexity of electronic reporting.* It is far more difficult to be objective in a visual medium. The expression of the face, the inflection of the voice, the intercutting and juxtaposition of visuals—these and much more affect news communication. (4) *The phenomenon of selective perception.* Not only does perspective apply to the reporter, but we in the audience tend to see and hear according to our predispositions.

There are other problems, too. Televison reporters tend to be generalists and not specialists. Finally, it is possible to find oneself subject to a cult of personality. I am sure that this would be abhorrent to, say Walter Cronkite. Nevertheless, the word of a Cronkite or Brinkley or Reasoner is gospel to legions of people.

What is needed is a news audience with sufficient critical facility to judge what television-news organizations are presenting to us, to praise that which bears the mark of excellence, and to reject that which does not. What is not needed are bitter broadsides directed at television news. Supremely, what is not needed is government control.

In my opinion, CBS President Dr. Frank Stanton was absolutely correct in rejecting the imprecise criticism leveled at *The Selling of the Pentagon*, at CBS News, and at television news in general. Until I see evidence to refute the central contention of the program, I stand by the message of congratulation I sent CBS when *The Selling of the Pentagon* was first aired. —*David O. Poindexter*

TV HIGHLIGHTS THIS MONTH

May 20, 8:30-10 p.m. EDT on PBS—NET Playhouse Biography: Dante Gabriel Rassetti.

May 21, 10-11 p.m., EDT on NBC—*Venice Be Damned.*

May 23, 10-10:30 p.m., EDT on PBS—Baak Beat: *Defending the Enviranment* by J. L. Sax.

May 25, 10-11 p.m., EDT on CBS—*Sixty Minutes.* Alsa **June 8.**

May 26, 9-10 p.m., EDT on PBS—Premier af William Buckley's *Firing Line.*

May 26, 8-9 p.m., EDT on ABC —Geargе Plimptan Special: *Man an a Flying Trapeze.*

May 26, 9-10 p.m., EDT on NBC—*The Harlem Globetratters.*

May 29, 8:30-10:30 p.m., EDT an ABC—*The Indianapalis 500.*

May 30, 10-11 p.m., EDT an CBS—*Penguin City.*

June 1, 9-11 p.m., EDT an NBC —*First Tuesday.*

Two new summer musical series fram Britain premiere the first week in June:

June 2, 9-10 p.m., EDT an NBC —Des O'Canner launches the summer Kraft Music Hall.

June 5, 8:30-9:30 p.m., EDT an ABC—Val Daanican apens a musical variety series.

CURRENT FILMS OF INTEREST

Brather Jahn (*GP*)—If a Christ-like figure must appear in taday's films, it has ta be Sidney Paitier, the industry's lang-running gaad black man. As Brather Jahn, Paitier returns hame ta a racially sensitive Sauthern tawn, always available when a member af his family dies. An interesting attempt at religiaus allegary.

My Night at Maud's (*GP*)—This award-winning film deserves ta be seen by adults with sensitivity ta authentic human relatians. The Catholic film affice called it ane af the year's best. One af a series af six made by French directar Eric Rahmer, *Maud* requires patience and attentian, but it is rewarding ta thase wha wait.

The Statue (*R*)—Been wandering what happened ta the Daris Day sex films? They've turned up an the ather side af the cain, this time with David Niven supplying the snickering. Perhaps the mast tasteless picture af the year.

The Barefaat Executive (*G*)—At least ane critic has peered clasely at this Disney praductian and suggested that underneath the farmu'a plat and shallaw humar inherited fram the late Mr. Disney, a new generatian af Mickey Mausers has placed a cynical put-dawn af Middle America. Fred McMurray, where are yau when we need yau?

THX1138 (*GP*)—Deep within the earth, a future saciety exists run by computers an the labar af drugged humans. When ane man chaases ta run, he is tracked mercilessly by his superiars, nat because they want ta hurt him but because they knaw what is best far him. A chilling indictment af the present as well as a suggestian af the future. □

Fisherman LEE CHIN HO and His New House

By T. OTTO NALL
Resident Bishop, Hong Kong-Taiwan Area

LEE CHIN HO used to live in the rotting hulk of a fishing boat, hauled out of the stinking backwater of a cove of Taipo Bay, near Hong Kong. He and his three brothers had converted the boat into a home of sorts for themselves, their families, and their aged father, whose tired muscles and aging eyes had given up fishing in the South China Sea.

The Lees moved into that beached craft 18 years ago. (Previously, they had lived on a junk, one of the vessels that look so picturesque in the paintings of Hong Kong harbor but offer wretched living for perhaps a dozen people.) The "windows" were slits six chilly inches wide, and the roof was weighted down with wood to withstand typhoon winds. A narrow canal between this home and its neighbor was an open, ill-smelling privy, and the well from which the family drew drinking water was a few feet from the front door. The children—those not old enough to go on the family fishing expeditions—played in the open space before a row of tiny shops. Nearby the city fathers had built a school as well as a marketplace for the selling of fish.

But Yuen Chow Tsai, as this village of 4,000 was known, had become a real concern to Hong Kong government officials, especially the director of agriculture and fisheries, and to the voluntary groups worried about human welfare. Now, thanks to the gift of an American Methodist layman, the Lees and 2,000 other refugees have new homes high on a hillside in the sturdy steel-and-concrete quarters of what is called Taipo (St. Andrews by the Sea) Village. Fishermen predominate, but there are merchants, flour makers, and ex-farmers in the new village as well.

When we saw him, the elder Mr. Lee, then 78, was sitting cross-legged on a board slab that served as a bed in the old beached boat. He was working on a fishing net. His face with its huge, drooping moustache looked almost youthful. A framed cardboard bearing pictures of the family (26 people) hung nearby, and the walls were covered with the paper festoons and gimcracks so dear to the Chinese heart.

Taipo Village consists of a cluster of double-story blocks. Each family unit has a main room, a small kitchen, and a tiny balcony. The floor is divided by movable partitions. The sink is in the kitchen, but the family arranges the unit area to suit its tastes. Bathing and toilet facilities are at the ends of the rows of units.

The village was built with some $160,000 from the estate of the late Theodore M. Plummer, a San Antonio, Texas, lawyer whose legacy was pledged to help refugees from mainland China. His will designated the former Methodist Board of Missions to carry out his wishes.

Architect David Thornburrow, who created the Taipo Village design, had

For 18 years Lee Chin Ho and his family lived like this in a backwater cove near Hong Kong.

several problems: the steep grade of the hillside, the necessity of using prefabricated construction to reduce costs, the desirability of making building materials on the spot and assembling them with unskilled labor under minimal supervision. But so successful was the project that contractor A. R. Doran has received a number of inquiries about the project from Indonesia, Thailand, South Viet Nam, even Africa, and from various relief agencies working in Southeast Asia. The series of prefabricated wall and roof panels—small enough to be handled by two men and large enough to require only about 40 for each dwelling—has indeed made this "a village for export."

The Plummer Relief Fund Committee, named by the World Division of the Methodist Board of Missions to administer the fund, had the excellent on-the-scene help of the Rev. R. L. Turnipseed and the Rev. Kenneth B. McIntosh. Mr. McIntosh, the project's director since 1963, is a missionary with background as a construction engineer. He knows that the real wonder of the project is not so much in the new construction itself but in the organization of the villagers into a Better Living Society. This body is responsible for the maintenance of the property, the tending of the stores, the care of the offices, and administration of the village. An advisory board includes representatives of The United Methodist Church, the Better Living Society, and the Hong Kong Department of Agriculture and Fisheries. Funds come from rental of family units paid to the society.

When we stopped by the Lees' old boat home to decide when they would move to Taipo Village, New Year banners were flying from craft in the harbor. There were good omens everywhere, and the fishermen wanted to be sure that the moving would begin on a March day similarly blessed.

Suddenly, Lee Chin Ho took to his heels, and I wondered why he had departed so quickly. Soon he was back with a thick almanac for the new year. He turned to March and ran a calloused finger down the columns of Chinese characters until he found a day that was propitious for moving. Fortunately, it was the very one the missionary had picked. And the Lees moved triumphantly. □

The Rev. K. B. McIntosh, who is Hong Kong director of the Plummer Fund, welcomes Mr. Lee to his new home in the new village. The project—sponsored by the United Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief—was made possible by a bequest from a Texas philanthropist, Theodore M. Plummer. Below: Workers lift a concrete building panel cast on the site.

Teens

By DALE WHITE

MANY YOUNG people long to express a growing Christian maturity, but do not know how. This letter from R.G. shows the need:

"I am always hearing about all the activities my Lutheran friends have to participate in and to help mankind. I am a college freshman, a United Methodist, and so far have not heard of any projects our church offers for us young workers or volunteers.

"I would like to spend at least a part of my summer doing something worthwhile for someone else and for myself. I don't care whether it is working with underprivileged children in the slums, or racial problems, or teaching of God's greatness, or clearing up some polluted area. I just want to serve! Do you know of such opportunities?"

The best source of information on United Methodist service projects is the booklet *Church Occupations and Voluntary Service*. You may order it from the Interboard Committee on Enlistment for Church Occupations, P.O. Box 871, Nashville, Tennessee 37202. A single copy costs 20¢.

Q&A

Why is it that a minister won't or doesn't keep a secret when you talk to him about your troubles? I know a family that had problems with one of their children. They talked to their minister, expecting it to be confidential. Before the sun set half of the town knew it.

He was a United Methodist minister, too. I don't say all are that way. But I know a couple that do talk.—A.R.

Every minister is trained to hold in strict confidence anything told to him in counseling. This is a sacred trust which few ministers violate. Any minister who does violate it will soon find that he has lost the respect of his people. They simply will not confide in him.

Be careful not to accuse the minister unfairly, however. Several times in my ministry people have told me secrets which have leaked out in other ways. I could well have been accused of telling, even though I did not do so.

Young people usually find that the minister is the person in the community they trust the most. That is why people with problems turn to their minister more than to any other professional person.

Q&A

I have recently become "hung-up" on a particular boy. My strong liking for him will never develop into anything unless I make the first move. If it turns out he likes me, the reward for my efforts would be a dream come true. He's a quiet kid and not the least bit outgoing. He needs a good push.

I know what to do, but how? I hardly ever see him in school and when I do his attitude is rather discouraging. I don't feel as though I have the strength to give him that push. I do have a chance, but I hate taking chances. What if move? What if I don't? That's wha I always think if I see him. Ther he has walked by or left. Do you have any advice? It sure would be appreciated.—L.T.

I'm fresh out of advice on the advanced art of stalking shy boys. But we must have many readers who are successful practitioners o this ancient art. Maybe a few wil write and give us some pointers.

Q&A

I am a girl, 17, very much inter tested in social work. In the future I hope to go into some sort of socia work such as the Peace Corps o VISTA. What I would really love though, would be to work on an Indian reservation in the West. know being able to go to Port-au Prince, Haiti, last summer had a big influence on my decision. would appreciate if you could give me any information concerning the voluntary services above or any other kind of social work that would be similar to these.—E.F.

Your kind of practical, unselfish idealism is one of the most delight

Cartoon by Dave Harbaugh

"I'd answer your question, but I think we're going to have a fire drill."

ul qualities of so many young people today. For information about ISTA, simply write to VISTA, Vashington, D.C. 20506. Copies of *ISTA Volunteer,* a monthly publiation, may be found in your local brary. For Peace Corps informaon, write: Director of Public Afairs, Peace Corps, Washington, .C. 20506.

Most post offices have copies of e Volunteer Questionnaire which ou fill out to apply for the Peace orps. Check with your librarian on ooks about the Peace Corps. Sevral excellent volumes have been ritten about the work of corps volnteers.

Your minister can help you to nd information about summer volnteer programs run by The United ethodist Church. United Methodt ministers will take work camps Africa, Japan, Greece, Samoa, nd the South Pacific this summer, a cost of $950 to $1,350 for ch person. Write to Fritz LeRoque, 315 Yojoa Place, Hacienda eights, California 91745, or Rev. ederick Yarger, Nate Whipple ighway, Rd. 2, Cumberland, node Island 02864. Application eadline is June 1.

Q&A

I am a girl, age 15, going with boy who is 17, and that is my roblem. Recently, some vandalism nd robbery occurred at our school. have discovered, through some riends" of his, that he was not nly a participant but one of the istigators. My conscience is killing e. Should I report him to the uthorities and lose his love and e respect of his friends, or mind y own business?—B.G.

Your problem has no easy soluon, as I'm sure you realize. Whatver you do will cause pain. At the ery least, I think you should let im know your extreme disapproval his lawless behavior. Encourage im to turn himself in, take his edicine, and pay for the damage e caused. Otherwise, how can you ntinue to go with him?

If he refuses to turn himself in, ou have the tough decision as to hether to report him, and how to o it. I believe if he is not brought t justice he will be encouraged to continue a pattern of thought and conduct which can only destroy him. If he is confronted with reality now and gets the help he needs, he may be able to straighten up.

Why not discuss this with your parents, and with their help go to some trusted adults in the school system? Work out a strategy for blowing the whistle on these boys in a way which might bring as little grief and as much help as possible.

Q&A

I don't understand myself. My attitude about everything is terrible. I don't like people. I don't like life. I'd just as soon die as live. But I won't kill myself because I keep hoping someone or something will come and make things better, or at least help me to accept our sick, sick world. Besides that, I don't know if what comes after life is better than life, or if you reincarnate and have to live on earth some more. Why was I born?

Everything I used to love to do I won't do anymore. I hardly ever go out to anything. Instead I stay home in my room and try to figure myself out.

I used to be very close to God. Now I can hardly pray. I've tried reading my Bible, but it didn't help me any. I finally burnt my Bible today, making sure to destroy every word as if to free myself from the church and God.

I'd like to talk to my minister about it, but how do I go about it? Do I go to his house and say, "I've got a problem," or what?—P.M.

Your kind of depression is not unusual among kids these days. When it gets so bad that you start thinking about suicide, can't sleep, or can't do your work, then obviously you have to seek help. Call your minister and ask for an appointment. Tell him you have a serious depression and want to see a psychiatrist. The minister can explain to your folks and help you to find the right doctor. I believe a psychiatrist should be in the picture since he knows how to use medications to control your symptoms. Your minister can help you to work out the problems of faith you mention.

Q&A

I am 16, and I am married. I also have a little boy, six months

A word from the Producer . . .

More inspiring than the click of turnstiles are the letters of appreciation which come across my desk. Many are from young people whose lives have been transformed after they've seen THE CROSS AND THE SWITCHBLADE.

National release of this unusual motion picture was begun last fall. By the holidays, public reaction had begun to make itself felt across America in a surge of favorable opinion. Theater box offices reported strong support. Motion picture records were broken in city after city where THE CROSS AND THE SWITCHBLADE appeared. For all of this we are grateful to that One the picture honors.

Any feeling of satisfaction a producer may experience, must await the reaction of the viewing audience. Only then can he determine how good a steward he has been of investors' funds and the talents of cast and crew.

Recently, I've been hearing from concerned citizens who live in the smaller cities where we cannot afford to send our field staff. They ask when the picture will be coming to their community or what they can do to help make it happen by giving their time and effort in a "labor of love."

This, then, is a reply to those queries:

If you live in a town whose population is under 50,000 and if you have some free time to help promote THE CROSS AND THE SWITCHBLADE, please write me at once. Describe your area and its potential for a successful week's engagement in a local theater. We will then make every effort to bring the film to your town.

I invite you to share with us a sense of destiny in this historic venture of faith. May I hear from you?

Cordially,

Dick Ross, President

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old. My husband drinks and runs around. I sometimes think about leaving him. Do you think I should? I love him very much. What must I do to encourage him to stop running around and drinking? I don't want to leave him. Please write me back and let me know.—J.M.

I wish I knew what to advise you to do. Teen-age marriages have such a poor chance of succeeding. People need a lot of maturity and good sense to make a marriage work. But if he is generally good to you and the baby, and takes care of your needs, and you love him and want to stay, I can't honestly say you'd be better off leaving. You need to have long talks with the wisest people you know. They can help you get a better idea on what to do.

Maybe you can say a quiet word to his folks. They might be able to talk him into acting like a man, even if he doesn't feel like one.

Q&A

My baby is due next month, and I am not married. If it weren't for the love of my parents and the love of God, I would never have made it this far. I know my parents can't be proud of me, but they've never acted as if they were ashamed of me.

I was always hunting for a meaning for my life or a call from God to do my part in his works; but the way I was living I could never have heard him if he were shouting in my ear.

The boys and girls who engage in premarital sex are only hurting themselves by not being able to offer the one they truly love something no one else has ever had. Also they are really hurting the child they may bring into this world.

It is a hard enough world to live in. A baby with only one parent from the very beginning is starting out on the rough side before he is even born. Many times I wonder if my child will feel badly toward me for the wrong I've done him.

I was hurt for a long time because I loved this boy so much. I still do, but I can't feel sorry for myself forever. There's only me to make a little child happy. It's a big responsibility. But God is on my side, and he will lead me through the hard times.

I know God has a calling for me but I believe I am not yet strong enough to receive it.

I hope my letter can help some girl before it's too late. I feel the need to do something to help somebody.—M.W.

Thank you for a thoughtful and sensitive letter. It is an inspiration to sense the way you are maturing through a very difficult experience. How fortunate that you have such understanding parents!

Q&A

I am a senior in high school in India. My father is a minister-missionary. Both my parents are very devout United Methodists. But I have always had a middle-of-the-road attitude about God. Lately, things have gone pretty well at school. I am getting popular, which is something new for me! All my family and social problems have been going along pretty well. All I can say is that I prayed—lots! I read from the Bible some verses about faith. Mark 11:24 is one particular verse that has helped me immensely.

What can I say except that with God's wonderful help I have become a new person? I have become more outgoing. I don't mean to be conceited, or bombastic in any way. I just want everyone to know that God does help. He may not make you a Miss America, but he'll make you a better person, if you give him your life.—K.C.

It takes maturity to express gratitude. Your little hymn of grateful praise shows how grown up you have really become.

Q&A

I am a boy, aged 17, of a racially mixed background. I can pass for white, if I want to. In fact, nobody knows that I am one quarter black. I am not allowed to tell anyone, either. My mother has no feeling of

affinity with her father's race. She can pass for an average woman of Italian or Spanish stock.

But I am proud of my black blood, and I want everyone to know it. My father is white, and he is the only one in his family to know our secret. They are all very racist in his family. My parents become furious with me when I date black girls and advocate black power.

I am in a dilemma. I hear conversations among white friends all the time. They are about my people. I burn when I hear racist jokes and bad names aimed at black people. I don't know what to do. My father is in one of the high professions. If word ever got out that his wife and children were black he would be certain to lose his position. Can you help me? What should I do?—R.M.

We should all be ashamed that we continue to tolerate the attitudes which cause your pain. I do not feel qualified to tell you how to handle your situation. I am certain that your anger, justified as it is, can be channeled into destructive or into positive outlets. You can allow your rage to build up until it drives you to actions which harm your family, or until it bounces back to injure your own emotional health. Or you can turn it into a steely-eyed resolve to invest your life to changing this sick society.

Q&A

One of my teachers once said that children have a tendency to idolize their mothers. They tend to think that everything mother does is perfect. But as they get older, they get disillusioned.

This is my problem. I think I am beginning to see my mother in a new light and I don't like it.

From the way she acts sometimes, I wonder if she loves me or if she's sorry she had me. Yet she takes an interest in the things I do. She'll care for me when I'm sick and help me with my schoolwork when I need it. We don't fight very much, but when we do she says things that hurt much worse than if she had hit me. She's afraid to show her love.

Something that worries me very much about her is that she never seems truly happy. I don't think she's happy with my father because of the way she talks about him when he's not here. They were separated for a while but then Dad came back with Mom's consent. She won't divorce him because she says it will cost too much money.

Can you please help me understand my mother and better my relationship with her?—L.B.

I sense that you are learning to understand your mother already. You are giving up the idealized images of childhood and coming to know her as a real human being. The reasons for her unhappiness are becoming more clear to you, and you can feel with her. Now you can see her weaknesses, but love her in spite of them.

Try to be generous. She is creating the best life she knows how, given the limits of her situation. Who can do more?

Q&A

I'm a boy, 17. I have a serious problem. For about four months I have been going out with this girl. My limit is 10:30 to be back in the house. Now lately my parents have developed some type of superstition. They tell me to be back in the house at nine. They say that nowhere in this world will you find a 17-year-old boy out after nine. For a fact! Is this really true?

I don't know why they are doing this. I guess they think I may get into trouble with a girl. I know there's a time for all things. I know when to stop when I'm around girls. I don't smoke or drink, so I don't know why they are doing this to me. I don't see any reason why a 17-year-old can't stay out until eleven.—W.S.

Maybe they are concerned about your homework. Few parents like to see their youngsters out late on school nights. They know that without a good education it is hard for a young person to make it these days. So most kids are allowed to date only on Friday and Saturday nights. On those nights they may be allowed an 11 p.m. curfew, or even 12 or 12:30 in some areas.

Tell Dr. Dole While about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through *Teens*. Write to him in care of TOGETHER, P.O. Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. —*Your Editors*

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BOOKS

METHODISM is America in microcosm, says Charles W. Ferguson. "You find in its story our history—vivid, convenient, and condensed, with all the glories, violence, prejudice, and aspirations that make us a peculiar people."

This is the thesis on which he has based **Organizing to Beat the Devil: Methodists and the Making of America** (Doubleday, $7.95). The latest volume in the *Religion in America* series, it is an enthusiastic, affectionate history of Methodism in America from the time it arrived in the colonies up to today.

The circuit system, Dr. Ferguson is quick to point out, was marvelously suited to keeping up with the westward spread of the frontier, and a settler was likely to look up to see a circuit rider before he got his wagon unpacked. Methodism's essential message, too, that the lowliest man or woman could exercise infinite power when they were converted through its faith and by its ways, was suited to the mood of the frontier where people believed firmly that a man could make his own destiny.

And what could be more American than Prohibition, women's rights, and correspondence schools? All these found their roots in Methodist thinking and action, *Organizing to Beat the Devil* makes clear.

Reared in a Methodist parsonage and educated at Southern Methodist University, Charles Ferguson has Methodist roots, too, and wisely he hasn't tried to hide them. He has written compactly, covering a wide range with compressed power, never leaving out the anecdote, the story, or the example that carries a reader along. The result is a lively book that, not strangely, will warm Methodist hearts.

Don't be misled by its cover. Unlike books that exploit the funny and sometimes outrageous things children say in response to adults' leading questions, **Christ Is God's Middle Name** (Doubleday, $3.95) gives us serious conversations about God that authors Edward S. and Elizabeth H. Fox have carried on with youngsters who are between the ages of five and seven.

If the children say funny things, and some of them do, it is not because the authors set them up for it. The Coxes were earnestly seeking an insight into beliefs of young children.

The conversations are as varied as the homes from which the children come. Sandra says that God is her shepherd, and then adds wistfully that her parents won't let him be theirs: "They're too busy with other things." Jane will break your heart. She thinks God is "a bad man" because "He makes people hate each other," and because "He made me ugly." She knows she's ugly because her father has said she is.

David says God is a big man who is everywhere. He knows this because his mother said so. Bobby doen't know who God is, but he has heard his name when people swear. Joe turns to "the man in heaven I pray to" for strength to beat up a bully. Linda, who says that God's full name is Jesus Christ God, offers answers that are complicated enough and symbolic enough to fascinate a theologian.

The state of the world and the state of religion are so faithfully reflected in this book, in fact, that the funny remarks seem even funnier, as when Beth says that God "gives babies to people" but that she doesn't want any babies until she is grownup: "When I'm in the fourth grade, I guess." Or when Cliff offers the information that God has four names: "God and the Lord are two." Then there is Father. And finally there is Hallowed: "It says in his prayer. Hallowed. 'Hallowed be Thy name.' "

Fittingly, the conversations end with Jill, who says God is love, and that he is in everyone. So she loves

"Who's God, Alice?" "Noah's friend." In conversations with children the authors of Christ Is God's Middle Name *discovered that while God is mystifying, he is very real and very important to the very young.*

everybody because "If I ever stopped loving anyone, I'd stop loving God, and I couldn't ever do that."

Before I went to interview Chaplain Carl A. Nighswonger [page 10], I reread **On Death and Dying**, in which Elizabeth Kubler-Ross wrote about the first years of the seminars Chaplain Nighswonger now directs. Published in 1969 by Macmillan ($1.95, paper), this book was written for general readers, and it is a storehouse of knowledge about what people who are dying can teach us.

During the interview, Chaplain Nighswonger mentioned **Morals & Medicine** (Beacon Press, $2.45, paper) by Joseph Fletcher as excellent additional reading. It was published in 1960 but still ranks high as a basic book in its field. I ran into another mention of it in a new paperback, **Ethics and the New Medicine** (Abingdon, $2.95, paper), in which Duke University moral theology professor Harmon L. Smith reviews legal, moral, and medical questions being raised by new medical techniques and discoveries. Dr. Smith's book is a far-reaching exploration, and undoubtedly it will join Dr. Fletcher's book as basic in the field.

A paperback by Catherine Lyons, **Organ Transplants: The Moral Issues** (Westminster, $2.45), also tackles aspects of the problems presented by the "new medicine," and in a style that is easier for lay readers to get around. Miss Lyons was on the staff of the American Medical Association's department of medical ethics when she wrote her book. Now she is on the staff of The United Methodist Church's Board of Health and Welfare Ministries.

Since the 16th century, the unqualified pursuit of power, productivity, property, personal aggrandizement, and pecuniary pleasure—a "pentagon of power"—has suppressed all the larger motives and interests that man could develop in a more humanized society, believes Lewis Mumford.

The alternative, and theme of Mumford's work in **The Myth of the Machine: The Pentagon of Power** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $13.50), is expressed in Col. John Glenn's singing words when he returned from orbit to earth: "Let man take over!"

Mumford offers no formulas for the transformation, but he points out that man's most vital advances came neither from tool-using nor machine-making but from his growing command of the varied resources of his own body and mind—his playfulness, his curiosity, his mind-quickening dreams and heightened sensitivities, his orderly rituals, and his fabrication of signs and symbols. All these were highly developed before technology emerged from a primitive state.

A companion volume to *The Myth of the Machine: The Pentagon of Power* is *The Myth of the Machine: Technics and Human Development*, published in 1967. The two volumes are available in a boxed set for $23.00.

"I'll take Christian ethics, but not the fairy tales." . . . "I live a pretty decent life: what more do I need?" . . . "I wish the churches would mind their own business."

These aren't the comments a preacher hears as he shakes hands after his Sunday sermons, but one way or another they get to him. David H. C. Read answers back in **Overheard** (Abingdon, $1.95, paper). The chapters of this book had their start as talks on the National Radio Pulpit, and they have an easygoing, conversational style as well as sound content. Dr. Read is minister of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York City.

We owe so much to Corita Kent. Until her freewheeling serigraphs burst out of the art department of Immaculate Heart College 10 years ago, religious art was too serious, too somber and self-conscious a thing. It took this young nun—she was Sister Corita then—to remind us that faith is a joyous event, to be celebrated with brilliant colors and shouted in bold words.

Since then, we haven't been able to go to a major church meeting without seeing Corita's work. Corita serigraphs hang in 37 major art museums. Corita posters enliven the walls in local churches and dormitory rooms.

Corita has produced seven books, and we are richer for them. But I am disappointed in **Damn Every Thing But the Circus** (Holt Rinehart Winston, $12.50). Although it voices e.e. cummings' protest against ". . . everything that is grim, dull, motionless, unrisking, inward turning," I think it is grim, inward turning, and even shabby looking itself. And because there is so much to read on its pages it makes me doubly aware of how hard it is to read Corita's handwriting.

Please forgive me, Corita, for complaining at this one disappoint-

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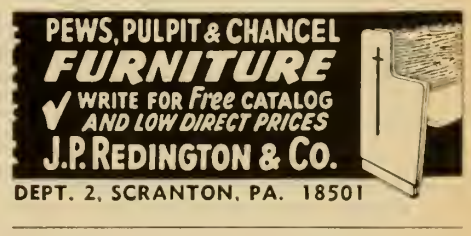

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ment, but you have led us to expect so much!

In the summer of 1950, Far East correspondent Keyes Beech drove more than a hundred miles through Korea to greet the first contingent of United States Marines who arrived in Pusan. There were some familiar faces from the Pacific War among them, and after the greetings they asked him the usual question: "What outfit are you with?"

When he told them he was a correspondent for the *Chicago Daily News,* they were astounded. "You mean you're a civilian?"

"Yes, I'm a civilian."

"But if you're a civilian, that means you don't have to be here."

"That's right."

"Then what in the name of Christ are you doing here?"

Beech told the story 15 years later at a Marine command post in Viet Nam, and after the laughter subsided a fresh-faced lieutenant said gently, "Tell me, sir, what are you doing here now?"

Beech, who often gets introduced as the dean of the Far East press corps, has been interpreting Asia for us back home for 20 years. In answer to the lieutenant's question—he has gone to the wars because they have been part of the Asian scene.

Not Without the Americans (Doubleday, $6.95) is his informal, personal report on America's long and occasionally disastrous role in the Far East. Beech believes in the United States' presence in Southeast Asia. In fact, he is unashamedly proud of America and the roles Americans have played there. He has stayed in Asia so many years for two reasons. He is convinced that Americans' ignorance about the Far East is abysmal, and he would like to believe that he has done something about it. Then, he admits that he is an incurable romantic and Asia still fascinates him.

Durga Das, who held key positions in the Indian press for 50 years, gives us a solid political history of India from the days of the British raj to the present time in **India From Curzon to Nehru & After** (John Day, $10.95).

Scarcely anything of political importance took place in Delhi or Simla without this distinguished journalist's being on the spot to observe, report, and interpret it. His book will serve as a useful reference long after it has been read and put on the shelf.

Books about Charles M. Schulz' inimitable *Peanuts* gang come out so regularly that I couldn't possibly review them all. The one that I have on my desk right now is **It Was a Short Summer, Charlie Brown** (World, $2.95), a report on the little *Peanuts* people's experience in summer camp. It is enough to say that it is representative of the *Peanuts*' usual standards.

And I have an off-beat biography of the cartoonist. This is **Charlie Brown & Charlie Schulz** (World, $6.95), authored by Lee Mendelson in association with Schulz himself. Its format is rather confusing and commercial, but it tells some interesting things about the development of the *Peanuts* comic strip, its animation for motion pictures and television specials, and the daily life of its creator. It shouldn't be any surprise that Charlie Brown harks back to when a kid named Charles Monroe Schulz skipped two elementary grades and thus became the youngest, smallest boy in his class.

I've just spent a pleasant half hour enjoying a completely new vacation guide. **The TourAmerica Guide** (Rand McNally, $3.95, paper) is a colorful invitation to take regional tours throughout the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

After several general articles and brief descriptions of the national parks, it is divided into eight regional sections. Each is prefaced by a writer who knows—and obviously loves—the area. Each suggests preplanned tours of different lengths. Some of my own favorites were left out, but even this excellent guide can't offer everything. Sylvia McNair, editor, says she hopes users will make custom-tailored alterations to suit their own tastes.

A number of years ago I had a chance to know two lion cubs more personally than I ever thought I'd get to know wild animals. The circumstances were ideal—I could play with them but I didn't have to take care of them—and I saw them grow from 10 pounds to about 100 before they went off to zoos.

I loved the cubs, and enjoyed them, and I think they were fond of me—so long as I didn't get in their way when they took out after something they wanted. Wild animals are very single-minded, not like dogs or cats, and it takes special qualities of instinct, knowledge of their ways—and foolhardiness—to handle them. For the rest of us, and I do include myself, the rule is simple: don't try. Obviously Miska Miles was very aware of this rule as she wrote **Eddie's Bear** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $3.95). This children's story is about a boy and a bear—no Gentle Ben—and it should give young readers some realistic insight into the power and dangerousness of the bears still inhabiting America's forests. John Schoenherr's strong illustrations reinforce an absorbing story.

When four boys set out on bicycles and one of them is Digby Welch, something is bound to happen . . . **Never Go Anywhere With Digby** (Abingdon, $3.95) brought author Ethelyn M. Parkinson the $5,000 1970 Abingdon Children's Book Award. Aimed at readers from 8 to 12, it is the lively story of a boy who can extend a four-mile bike ride to include a stop at the Farmer's Market, a dog fight, a meeting with the governor's wife, and a garden party.

With endpapers that bear the score for the first 32 bars of the slow movement from Hayden's *Surprise Symphony,* **The Meaning and Magic of Music** (Golden Press, $3.95) gives young people an instant leap into the world of classical music.

Peter Gammond uses the passage from the Hayden symphony to illustrate what symphonic music is and how it is constructed. He goes on to explain how harmonies are formed, what different musical terms mean, and the roles of the various instruments of the orchestra. His lively presentation of technical information plus colorful illustrations and diagrams results in a fast-paced book that reflects the excitement of its subject.

A little boy sets sail in a laundry basket and his backyard becomes the sea. Ben Shecter has created a picture book about the enchantment of adventure told in dialogue between the young hero and his mother in **If I Had a Ship** (Doubleday, $3.95). It is a delightful book for small fry that underlines the relationship that exists between a boy and his mother no matter how far his imagination roams.

A colorful picture book bearing the title **I Want to Read!** (Golden Press, $1) sums up the advantages of reading for boys and girls who are almost ready to read or beginning readers who can have the satisfaction of telling you what the signs and posters in it say. Betty Ren Wright wrote the text, and the illustrations are the work of Aliki.

—*Helen Johnson*

Fiction

I AM a Western fan so far as movies are concerned, and one reason that television has sunk to a new low in my judgment is that it has almost eliminated this type of program. In its place they have put so-called "situation comedies" which are just about the most inane, corny, tiresome programs that could be imagined.

Some time ago I was celebrating one of the Jewish high holidays with some of my Jewish friends. One of them asked me if I had read *Exodus* by Leon Uris. I said, no, not really. I had merely skimmed it, intending to read it later. He said I would find it to be "a Jewish Western." That made me all the more anxious to get to it.

I thought of this as I read Leon Uris's new book QB VII *(Doubleday, $7.95)*. It came to me that these people have so much tragedy, nobility, humor, and excitement in their history that there is a sense in which the whole affair could be called a Western. Whenever I think of Jews and Jewish history, I think of an inexhaustible mine of drama waiting to be explored and exploited by writers. All the long way from the eighth-century-B.C. prophets to *QB VII*, their story—because it is full of God and human nature—is also full of the kind of stuff that plays, stirring tales, and all kinds of books are made of.

QB VII means Queen's Bench Courtroom Number Seven, and this is the place where a trial, surely one of the most unusual and dramatic ones in all history, is held. It is a libel suit brought by Adam Kelno, a Polish doctor who has been knighted, against Abe Cady, a best-selling American author who has accused Dr. Kelno of cruelty and of anti-Semitic behavior in a nazi prison camp during World War II. From this central event the book ranges great distance in many directions.

It starts out by showing some of the difficulties and sufferings of Sir Adam Kelno and his attempt to find a new life far from the persecutions of the Polish police and the Jewish underground. One's sympathy is with him and at the beginning I felt sure that the author was saying that this man did not deserve all the trouble being heaped upon him. He even went to Sarawak in northern Borneo to do his medical work and get away from the enmity directed toward him. He is liked by his superiors, serves the people with complete dedication, and wins the confidence of the Ibans. I was in that part of the world on a missionary journey a few years ago, and this part of the story rang true.

The young Terrence Campbell is a hero-worshiper and thinks that Dr. Kelno is a great man. When he discovers the passage in Cady's book *The Holocaust* which accuses Sir Adam, there is nothing left to do but sue for libel.

Cady, a Jewish-American who was in the war and traveled widely, has become known as a first-rate writer. He is not altogether an admirable man in his affairs with women, and he is not religious in a deep sense. But when he is accused of libel, he has to stand for his people and he has to find out just what happened in that concentration camp. When the issue becomes clear, all kinds of Jewish people, religious and irreligious, Zionists and non-Zionists, are brought together to face the main issue. They do it with skill and strength.

The trial itself is a great reading experience. With strict fairness the British legal system is brought out clearly. British justice never looked better. The skill of the attorneys is apparent and little by little the reader knows that Adam Kelno had one serious defect in his nature. When it came to Judaism, he lied, he did unspeakable things to Jewish men and women, and in this part of his nature, he was not a man but an animal. He suffered a persecution complex and at one point in the trial he makes a bad slip by accusing his opponents of this characteristic—when it was he himself that brought the whole matter to trial.

The book is not a simple story of right *vs.* wrong. It is apparent that these qualities are always mixed and that courage comes from unexpected sources. Men who have put behind them the horrible experiences of the nazi period agree to come to the trial and testify even when such testimony can mean nothing but embarrassment and tragedy to themselves personally. Gradually it becomes apparent that Sir Adam Kelno has to be held responsible for his past evil, and the world must not forget what happened under the paperhanger from Germany.

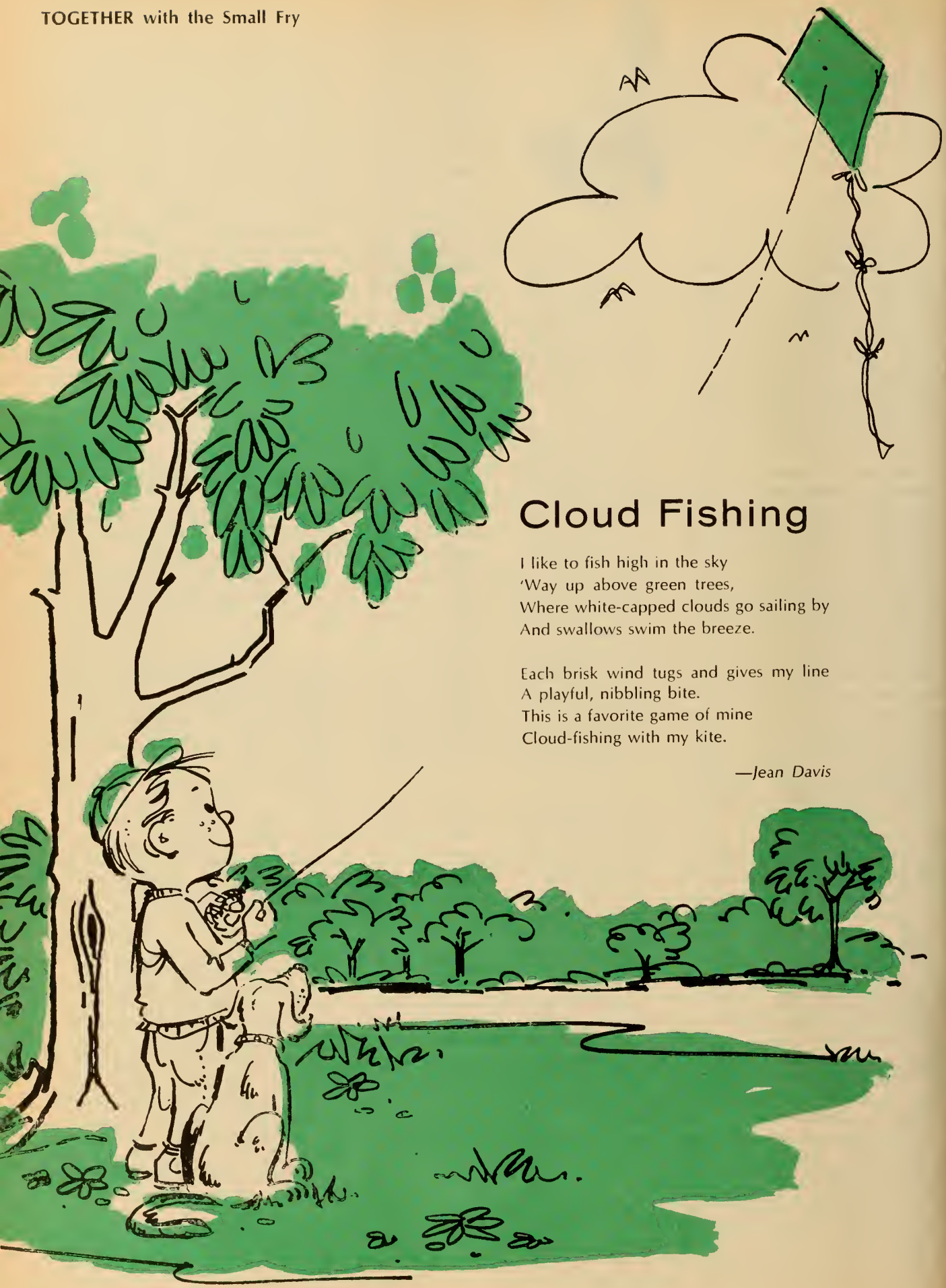
Leon Uris is a first-rate novelist who has written another terrific story. I found myself looking forward to reading more of it at every opportunity. Usually I found myself putting it aside reluctantly. Surely, this book will be made into a movie for it is the kind of writing that simply cries out to be seen as well as read.

I lost a Polish friend some years ago by reviewing a novel which made clear that there was anti-Semitism in Poland both before and during World War II. I have to say that this book will give you the same impression, but there it is. I have tried to be fair in the review, and the validity of the conclusions must stand on their own feet. I think it comes very close to being a "great book." You will not forget it.

In conclusion let me mention MY SISTER JENNY by Dale Davidson *(Vantage, $3.75)*. This is a simple story of two girls who are brought up in a small town. One is quite the glamor girl and her sister, while not an ugly duckling, doesn't fare too well in comparison. There is a mystery connected with it and I enjoyed it thoroughly. I think you will, too. There are some quiet insights which are profoundly true and, after all, this is a world where most of us live and we will be helped. I recommend it very highly and with great confidence.

—*GERALD KENNEDY*

Bishop, Los Angeles Area, The United Methodist Church



Cloud Fishing

I like to fish high in the sky
'Way up above green trees,
Where white-capped clouds go sailing by
And swallows swim the breeze.

Each brisk wind tugs and gives my line
A playful, nibbling bite.
This is a favorite game of mine
Cloud-fishing with my kite.

—Jean Davis

The Magic Words

By FAITH B. LASHER

IT ALL began the day David visited Grandpa's farm. Together they went to the chicken yard to do the evening chores. They filled the chickens' water jug, scattered some grain on the ground, and gathered eggs from the long chicken house.

Then they stood by the fence watching the hens and the two roosters eat grain. The roosters were at opposite ends of the yard, standing tall and proud above the hens. David laughed at them. They were doing a lot of noisy bragging. Whenever they found some extra nice kernel, they fussed and sputtered until the hens gathered around to admire and share their prize.

Both roosters were white with bright red combs and strong yellow bills and legs. One, David saw, was a little bigger than the other. He had an especially bright red comb. I'll call him Red Top, David decided.

Just then Red Top began crowing and acting as excited as David felt at Christmas.

"Look at Red Top, Grandpa," David exclaimed pointing to him. "He really thinks he has found something now."

"Yes, and here comes Squirt over to put in his two-cents worth," Grandpa answered as the smaller rooster started across the yard.

Squirt danced up to Red Top with his wings half spread and his bill snapping. Red Top bowed his neck and spread his wings. He took a few short, quick steps toward Squirt. Then quick as a flash of lightning they slammed together. Their wings beat in a wild flurry. Their feet stretched and spread in stiff claws.

The hens scattered away from them, leaving a small clear circle for their arena. A few stopped to watch but most of the hens kept right on eating.

Red Top and Squirt broke apart. They began to circle warily around each other, scattering bits of white feathers.

Before they could tangle again Grandpa went in the yard. "Okay, break it up, boys," he told them. "Squirt, you get down to the other end of the yard. Red Top, you stay up here and mind your own business."

"Golly, Grandpa," David exclaimed. "How come they acted like that?"

"Well, Davy," Grandpa answered, "they each feel that they just have to show those hens what big important fellows they are. There is plenty of yard room and plenty of food for both of them. But they have been fighting so much I think I will have to sell one of them."

The next day it was time for David to go back home. He didn't think any more about Red Top and Squirt until that evening when his mother called the family to dinner.

On his way to the table, David saw his brother Alan give Linda a shove. She turned and slapped at him.

"Stop it, Squirt," said Daddy as he gently caught Alan's shoulder.

"Oh," David exclaimed. "They're acting just like the roosters on Grandpa's farm."

"What do you mean acting like roosters?" Alan asked.

"I'm certainly not a rooster," Linda giggled.

"Tell us about it," Daddy suggested.

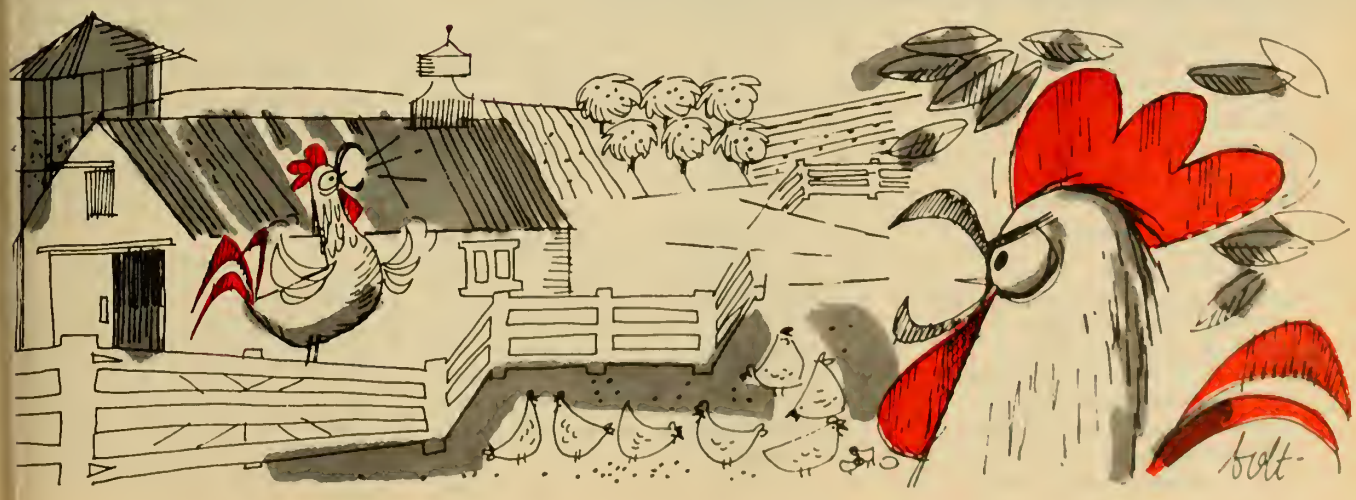
So David told them all about Red Top and Squirt fighting. "Grandpa said they were doing it just to show off," he finished.

After that whenever anyone in David's family started a silly squabble, someone would say, "Hey, Rooster!" and that always ended the quarrel. David called them magic words. □

If

If butterflies
And hummingbirds
Could speak to us
In people words,
I'm sure they'd spread
Their fragile wings
And speak of earth's
Most joyful things.

—*Florence Pedigo Jansson*



Jottings

Heard any good sermons lately?

Oh, now that we have your attention, perhaps we should reword that question. Have you heard an *outstanding* sermon, one that impressed you more than usual, one you would like other TOGETHER readers to share?

If so, why not ask your minister to send us a copy? Or, if you prefer, drop us a line and we'll ask him for his manuscript.

Ministers, especially, are encouraged to submit what they—and others—consider one of their better efforts. Perhaps we can find a place for it in *Open Pulpit*, our regular monthly department devoted to sermons worth reading. Address your letters or submissions to Editor, *Open Pulpit*, TOGETHER, 1661 N. Northwest Highway, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.

"**A few days** ago I found myself in the middle of an argument with some professed atheists who defended their stand vociferously."

So wrote **Mrs. Paul V. Clement** of El Paso, Texas, when she submitted her poem *Rejoinder* back in the summer of 1968.

"This discussion led me to write the poem," she wrote. "While it probably won't convince any atheists, it might give answer and inspiration to many others . . ."

To which we heartily agree.

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Mrs. Clement, whose poem is opposite this page, told us that she is a housewife, the mother of four children, and at the time her poem was submitted was a seventh and eighth-grade reading teacher: "My chief delights are exchanging ideas and working with young people."

Exactly 190 years ago, John Wesley published *A Short History of the People Called Methodists*. In 1959 TOGETHER borrowed part of his title for a feature intended to emphasize the diversity of people in the Methodist "family" today. We have retained the title in The United Methodist Church, feeling that the phrase still applies to United Methodists as well as to all other spiritual sons and daughters of Wesley around the world.

You will note that the Maltbys, featured in *People Called Methodists* this month [page 5], are 75th in the series. Picture Editor **George P. Miller** has given us some facts about the 75 "PCM" families.

Thus far, 36 states have been represented. Mr. Miller photographed and helped produce 60 stories in 34 of the states. (As an aside, when Mr. Miller called Bob Maltby to make arrangements for his visit, he was in for a pleasant surprise. "Do you remember Helen Finger?" Mr. Maltby asked. "She attended Macalester College in St. Paul, Minn., about 20 years ago." Mr. Miller said he had known her through a mutual acquaintance. "Well, now she is Mrs. Maltby!" the husband said.)

Family income ranged as low as $2,000 a year to well above $20,000; 34 percent of the families had two children—the largest percentage; and the average family size, including parents, was five.

By race: 86 percent were Caucasian, 7 percent Negro, 7 percent others. Only 3 families were retired, 20 had working wives.

As for church size, more families were found in small churches than in large congregations. Towns with populations of 1,000, 8,000, and 250,000 tied with seven PCM families each.

Walter Harter of St. Augustine, Fla., tells us that he has 7 books and around 200 articles or stories published. [See *The Witching Path*, page 26.] A polio victim at the age of two, he is a self-educated man who began a teaching career recently in a rather unorthodox manner.

"My books and articles were brought to the attention of th president and dean of [Unite Methodist-related] Bethune-Cool man College, Daytona Beach . . I suppose that was my most rewarc ing experience, being asked t teach creative writing at one of th country's oldest Negro colleges.

"When I told the dean that had no formal degree in anything he replied that my books were m degrees!"

Another special event in his life Mr. Harter says, was when his fir article was bought and publishe by *Christian Home*—a Methodi publication—about 20 years ago

"**Today**, Friday the 13th, wi hereafter be the official good-luc day of the Davis family," wrot **Jean** and **Erv Davis** when we ac cepted *Cloud Fishing* [page 62] "You might be interested to kno it's our very first sale!"

What is unusual about *Clou Fishing* is that the illustration is b Erv Davis, and the poem by Jean "Our four children are delighte that Mom and Dad will finally b in print."

Mr. and Mrs. Davis gave thei address as St. Simons Island, Ga. which, incidentally, is the locale o this month's color pictorial, *Excur sion to the Wesleys' America*, o pages 30-34.

We don't know whether **Faith B Lasher**'s teen-aged son inspire her story *The Magic Words* [pag 63], but she confides that hi deeds and misdeeds have bee recorded numerous times by her

The young man in question, Mik Lasher, helped his mother in th earlier days of her juvenile-fictio writing career, not only as a stor prompter but as critic. He read al Mrs. Lasher's short stories an registered his reactions and com ments. He reported if the story wa believable from a boy's point o view.

A resident of Livermore, Calif. Mrs. Lasher is a registered nurse and a licensed real-estate sales man, but her work as a free-lance writer, last we heard, occupie most of her time. —*Your Editor*

ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

Cover—George P. Miller • **Second Cover**—Painting by Frank Wesley • **1**—Black print b Robert Hadgell • **10**—Helen Johnson • **14-15-1** —Earl K. Waad • **17**—John W. Ahlhauser • **21**—RNS • **26**—Walter Harter • **28**—Donn Anderson • **40**—Patricia Hoinline • **44**—Jo Cavello • **52-53 Bot.**—Edwin H. Maynard • **53 Top**—South China Morning Post, Ltd. • **5** —Drawing by Ursula Landshaff from *Christ I God's Middle Name*, courtesy Doubleday & Com pany, Inc. • **65**—H. E. Schweitzer • **3-4-5-7-8 9-31-32-33-34-36-37-38-39-43** — George P. Miller.

REJOINDER

Am I a cosmic accident?
How can I believe them?
A vagrant speck, inconsequent?
Who could so deceive them?

Shall miracles that cheer me now
Unfold inherent wonders.
Convinced these forms are clearly now
Merely cosmic blunders?

Whatever be! I've God, you see;
His powers stress arrangement.
No chaos there; my God is where
There is no dark derangement.

Inconsequence, not fluke of chance,
No random, blind projection.
God's competence, not fate's advance,
Will guide me to perfection.

—*Shirley G. Clement*

With This Ring I Thee Wed

Marriage is an honorable estate instituted of Go
It is not merely a union between two people—it is
union of two spirits. The purpose of the bond is t
perfect the nature of both by supplementing the weal
ness of one with the strength of the other.

Two people have chosen each other and promised t
keep one another in sickness and health, forsaking a
others. They vow to love, honor and cherish. Th
wedding day—one of the highest peaks in a person
life . . . the preamble for adult family living . . .
time for planning and building.

What an appropriate occasion to make the influenc
of the church felt in their lives. Many friends an
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United Methodist family magazine, TOGETHER.

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new bride and groom.

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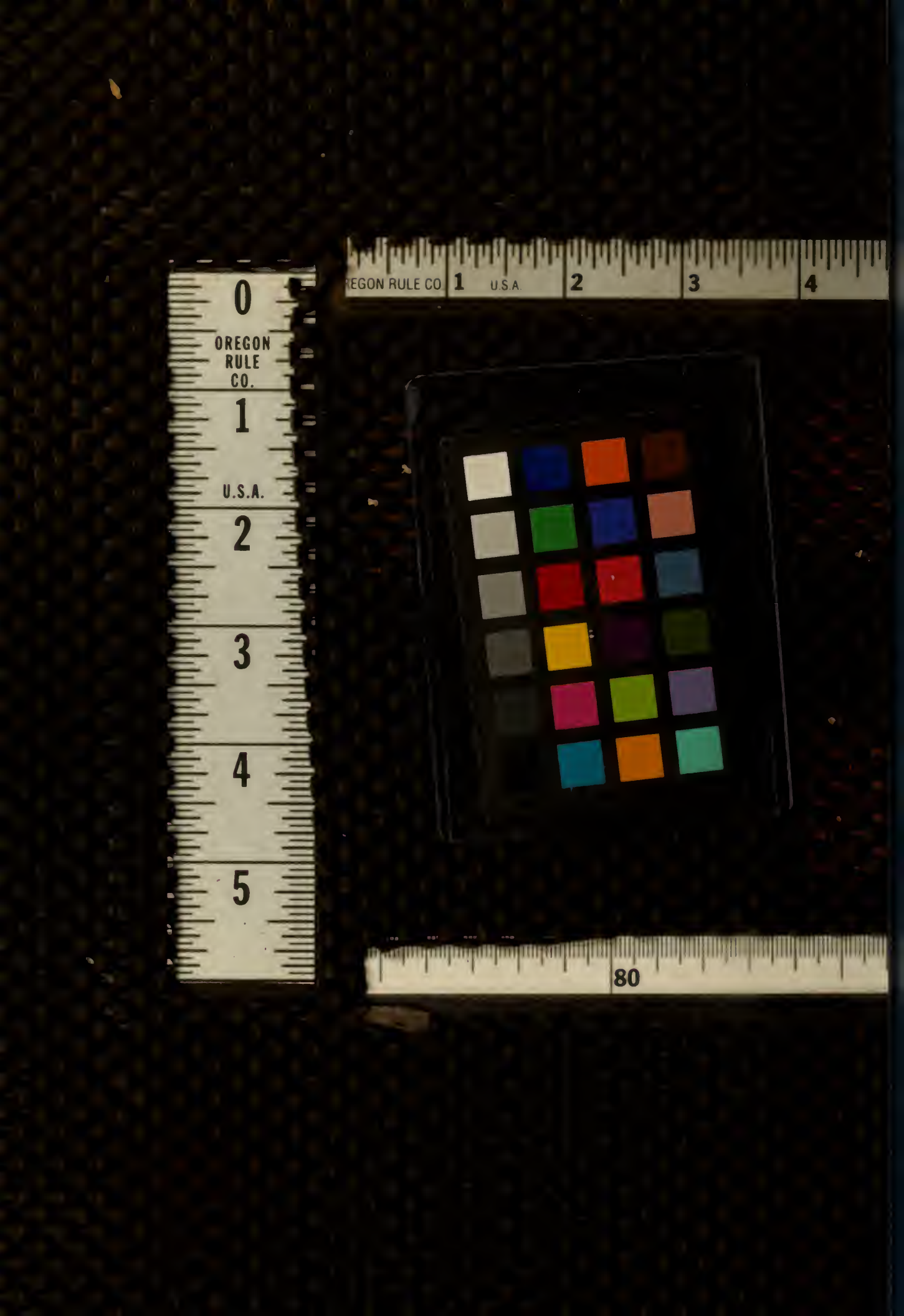
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